Collated & Perfect. J.H. 1797.

SIR GYLES GOOSE-CAPPE KNIGHT.

A Comedy lately Acted with great applause at the private House in *Salisbury Court*.

LONDON:
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Eugenia, *A widow, and a Noble Lady.*

Hippolyta, *Penelope*, } *Lady-virgines, and Companions to Eugenia.*

Winnifred, gentlewoman to Eugenia.

Momford, A Noble Man, uncle to Eugenia.

Clarence, Gentleman, friend to Momford.

Fowlweather, A french affected Travayler, & a Captaine.

Sir Gyles Gooſe-cap, a fooliſh Knight.

Sir Cuthbert Rudsby, a blunt Knight.

Sir Clement Kingcob, a Knight.

Lord Tales.

Lord Furnifall.

Bullaker, a french Page.

Iacke. *Will.* } *Pages.*

To the Worſhipfull *Richard Young* of Woolley-farme in the County of Berks. *Eſquire.*

Worthy Sir.

THe many favours, and courteſies, that I have Received from you, and your much Honor'd Father, have put ſuch an obligation upon me, as I have bin long cogitateing how to expreſſe my ſelfe by the requitall of ſome part of them; Now this Play having diverſe yeeres ſince beene thruſt into the world to ſeeke its owne entertainment without ſo much as an epiſtle, or under the Shelter of any generous ſpirit, is now almoſt become

worne out of memory: And comming to be preſſ'd to the publique view againe, it having none to ſpeake for it (the Author *being dead) I am bold to recommend the ſame to your Worſhips protection, I know your ſtudies are more propenſe to more ſerious ſubjects, yet vouchſafe, I beſeech you, to recreate your ſelfe with this at ſome vacant time when your leaſure will permit you to peruſe it, and daigne mee to bee.*

Your Worſhips bounden
Servant.

HVGH PERRY.

SIR GYLES GOOSE-CAPPE, KNIGHT.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA

Enter Bullaker with a Torche.

Bullaker.

THis is the Counteſſe *Eugenias* houſe I thinke I can never hit of theis ſame Engliſh City howſes, tho I were borne here: if I were in any City in *Fraunce*, I could find any houſe there at midnight.

Enter Iacke, and Will.

Iack. Theis two ſtrange hungry Knights (*Will*) make the leaneſt trenchers that ever I waited on.

Will. A plague on them *Iacke*, they leave us no fees at all, for our attendance, I thinke they uſe to ſet their bones in ſilver they pick them ſo cleane, ſee, ſee, ſee *Iack* whats that.

Iacke. A my word (*Will*) tis the great *Baboone*, that was to be ſeene in Southwarke.

Will. Is this he? Cods my life what beaſtes were we, that we wood not ſee hm all this while, never truſt me if he looke not ſomewhat like a man, ſee how pretely he holds the torche in one of his forefeete, wheres his keeper trowe, is he broke looſe?

Iacke. Haſt ever an Apple about thee (*Will*) weele take him up ſure, we ſhall get a monſtrous deale of mony with him.

Will. That we ſhall yfath boy, and looke thou here, heres a red cheekt apple to take him up with.

Ia. Excellent fit a my credit, lets lay downe our provant, and to him.

Bul. Ile let them alone a while,

Ia. Give me the apple to take up *Iacke*, becauſe my name is *Iacke*.

VVill. Hold thee *Iacke*, take it.

Ia. Come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*, come *Iacke*.

Bul. I will come to you ſir, Ile *Iacke* ye a my word, Ile *Iacke* ye.

VVil. Gods me he ſpeakes *Iacke*. O pray pardon us Sir.

Bul. Out ye, *mopede monckies* can yee not knowe a man from a *Marmaſett*, in theis Frenchified dayes of ours? nay ile *Iackeſie* you a little better yet.

Both, Nay good Sir, good Sir, pardon us.

Bul. Pardon us, out ye home-bred peaſants, plain engliſh, pardon us? if you had parled, & not ſpoken, but ſaid *Pardonne moy*; I wood have pardon'd you, but ſince you ſpeake, and not parley, I will cudgell ye better yet.

Ambo O pardonne moy mounſieur.

Bul. Bien je vous remercy, thers pardonne pour vous ſir now.

VVil Why I thanke ye for it Sir, you ſeeme to bee a Squire of our order Sir.

Ia. Whoſe page might you be Sir.

Bul. I am now the great French Travalers page.

VVill. Or rather the *French* Travalers great page. Sir, on, on.

Bul. Hight Captaine *Fowleweather*, alias Commendations; whoſe valours within here at ſuper with the Countes *Eugenia*, whoſe propper eaters I take you two to be.

VVill. You miſtake us not Sir.

Ia. This Captaine *Fowleweather*, alias Cõmendations.

(*Will*)

(*Will*) Is the Gallant that will needs be a ſutor to our Countes.

Will. Faith, and if Fouleweather be a welcome ſuter to a faire Lady, has good lucke.

Ia. O Sir, beware of one that can ſhowre into the lapps of Ladies, Captaine Fowleweather? why hees a Captinado, or Captaine of Captaines, and will lie in their joyntes that give him cauſe to worke uppon them ſo heauylie, that he will make their hartes ake I warrant him; Captaine Fowleweather? why he will make the cold ſtones ſweate for feare of him, a day or two before he come at them. Captaine Fowleweather? why he does ſo domineere, and raigne over women.

Will. A plague of Captaine Fowleweather I remember him now *Iacke*, and know him to be a dull moiſt-braind Aſſe.

Ia. A Southerne man I thinke.

Will. As fearefull as a Haire, and will lye like a Lapwing, and I know how he came to be a Captain, and to have his Surname of Commendations.

Ia. How I preethee *Will*?

Will. Why Sir he ſerved the great Lady Kingeob, and was yeoman of her wardroppe, & becauſe a good bruſh up her ſilkes luſtely, ſhe thought he would curry the enemies coates as ſoundly, and ſo by her commendations, he was made Captaine in the lowe Countries.

Ia. Then being made Captaine onely by his Ladies commendations, without any worth alſo of his owne, he was ever after ſurnamd Captaine Commendations?

Will. Right.

Bul. I Sir right, but if he had not ſaid right, my Captaine ſhould have taken no wrong at his handes, nor yours neyther, I can tell ye.

Ia. What are thoſe two Knights names, that are thy Captaines *Comrades*, and within at ſupper with our Lady

Bul. One of their names Sir, is, Sir *Gyles Gooſecappe*, the

others Sir *Cutt Rudseby.*

Will Sir *Gyles Goosecappe* what's he a gentleman,

Bul. I that he is at least if he be not a noble man, and his chiefe house is in Essex.

Ia. In Essex ? did not his Aunceſtors come out of London.

Bul. Yes that they did Sir, the beſt *Goſecappes* in England, come out of London I aſſure you.

Will. I but Sir theſe muſt come into it before they come out ont I hope, but what countriman is Sir *Cutt. Rudeſby* ?

Bul. A Northern man, or a Weſternman I take him, but my Captaine is the Emphaticall man ; and by that pretty word Emphaticall you ſhall partly know him: for tis a very forcible word in troth, and yet he forces it too much by his favour ; mary no more then he does all the reſt of his wordes ; with whoſe multiplicity often times he travailes himſelfe out of all good company.

Iacke. Like enough ; he travaild for nothing elſe.

Will. But what qualities haunt Sir *Gyles Gooſecappe* now Sir.

Bul. Sir *Gyles Gooſecap* has always a deathes head (as it were) in his mouth, for his onely one reaſon for every thing is, becauſe we are all mortall ; and therefore he is generally cald the mortall Knight ; then hath he another pretty phraſe too, and that is, he will tickle the vanity ant ſtill in every thing, and this is your *Summa totalis* of both their virtues.

Ia. Tis enough, tis enough, as long as they have land enough but now muſter your third perſon afore us I beſeech you.

Bul. The third perſon, and ſecond Knight blunt Sir *Cutt. Rudeſby*, is indeed blunt at a ſharpe wit, and ſharpe at a blunt wit a good buſtling Gallant talkes well at Rovers; he is two parts ſouldier; as ſlovenlie as a Switzer, and ſomewhat like one in face too ; for he weares a buſh beard will dead a Cannan ſhot better then a wool-

packe:

packe: he will come into the preſence like yor *French-man* in foule bootes, and dares eate Garlike as a preprative to his Courtſhip, yon ſhall know more of him hereafter; but good wags let me winne you now, for the Geographicall parts of your Ladies in requitall.

Will. That you ſhall Sir, and the Hydrographicall too and you will; firſt my *Lady* the widowe, and Countes *Eugenia*, is in earneſt, a moſt worthy Lady, and indeede can doe more than a thouſand other Ladies can doe I can tell you.

Bul. What's that I pray thee?

Ia. Mary Sir, he meanes ſhe can doe more than ſleepe, and eate, and drinke; and play at noddy, and helpe to make hir ſelfe ready.

Bul. Can ſhe ſo?

Will. She is the beſt ſcholler of any woman but one in England, ſhe is wiſe, and vertuous.

Ia. Nay ſhe has one ſtrange quality for a woman beſides, tho theſe be ſtrange enough that he has rekoned.

Bul. For Gods ſake whats that?

Ia. She can love reaſonable conſtantly, for ſhe loved her husband only, almoſt a whole yeere together.

Bul. Thats ſtrange indeed, but what is your faire Lady Sir?

Ia. My Lady Sir, the Lady *Hippolita*.

Will. That is as chaſt as ever was *Hippolitus*.

Ia. (True my prety *Parentheſis*) is halfe a maid, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdow.

Bul. Strange tale to tell; how canſt thou make this good my good *Aſſumpſit*.

Ia. Thus Sir, ſhe was betroathed to a gallant young gentleman that loude hir with ſuch paſſion, and admiration that he never thought he could be ſo bleſſed as to enjoy her in full marriage, till the miniſter was marrying them, and even then when he was ſaying I *Charles* take thee *Hippolita* with extreame joy he begā to looke

pale, then going forwards ſaying, to my wedded wife, he lookt paler, and, then pronouncing, for richer for poorer as long as we both ſhall live, he lookt extreame pale; Now ſir when ſhe comes to ſpeake her part, and ſaid, I *Hippolyta* take thee *Charles*, he began to faint for joy, then ſaying to my wedded husband, he began to ſinke, but then going forth too for better for worſe, he could ſtand no longer, but with very conceit, it ſeemd, that ſhe whom he tendred as the beſt of all things, ſhould pronounce the worſt, and for his ſake too, he ſuncke downe right, and died ſodenly: And thus being halfe married, and her halfe husband wholy dead, I hope I may with diſcretion affirme her, halfe a maide, halfe a wife, and halfe a widdowe: do ye conceive me Sir?

Bul. O Lord Sir, I devoure you quicke; and now Sir I beſeech you open unto me your tother Lady, what is ſhee?

Will. Ile anſwere for her, becauſe I know her Ladiſhip to be a perfect maide indeed.

Bul. How canſt thou know that?

Will. Paſſing perfectly I warrant ye.

Ia. By meaſuring her necke twice, and trying if it will come about hir forehead, and ſlip over her noſe?

Will. No Sir no, by a rule that will not ſlip ſo I warrant you, which for her honours ſake I will let ſlip unto you, gods ſo *Iacke*, I thinke they have ſupt.

Ia. Bir Lady we have waited well the while.

Will. Well though they have loſt their attendance, let not us loſe our Supper *Iacke*.

Ia. I doe not meane it, come Sir you ſhall goe in, and drinke with us yfaith.

Bul. Pardonne moy mounſieur.

both. No pardoning in truth Sir.

Bul. Ie vous remercie de bon cure.

Exeunt:

Enter

Enter Gooſecappe Rudeſby Fowleweather Eugenia Hippol. Penelope, Winne.

Rud. A plague on you ſweet Ladies, tis not ſo late, what needed you to have made ſo ſhort a ſupper.

Gooſ In truth Sir *Cutt.* we might have tickled the vanity ant, an howre longer, if my watch be truſtible.

Foul. I but how ſhould theis beauties know that Sir *Gyles* ? your watch is mortall, and may erre.

Go. Thats ſooth Captaine, but doe you heare honeſt friend, pray take a light, and ſee if the moone ſhine, I have a Sunne Diall will reſolue preſently.

Fo. Howſoever beleeve it Ladies, tis unwholeſome, uncourtly, unpleaſant to eate haſtely, and riſe ſodainly, a man can ſhew no diſcourſe, no wit, no ſtirring, no variety, no pretty conceits, to make the meate goe downe emphatically.

Eu. Winnefred.

Win. Madam.

Eu. I prethee goe to my uncle the Lord *Momford*, and intreat him to come quicken our Eares with ſome of his pleaſant Spirit; This ſame *Fowleweather* has made me ſo melancholly, prethee make haſte.

Win. I will Madam. *Exit.*

Hip. We will bid our gueſts good night Madam, this ſame *Fowleweather* makes me ſo ſleepy.

Pen. Fie upon it, for Gods ſake ſhut the Caſements, heres ſuch a fulſome Aire comes into this Chamber; in good faith Madame you muſt keepe your Houſe in better reparations, this ſame *Fowlweather* beats in ſo filthily.

Eug. Ile take order with the Porter for it Lady, good night gentlemen.

Ru. Why good night, and be hang'd, and you'l needs be gon.

Gooſ. God give you good night Madams, thanke you for my good cheere, weele tickle the vanity ant no longer

longer with you at this time, but ile indite your La. to ſupper at my lodging one of theſe mornings; and that ere long too, becauſe we are all mortall you know.

Eu. Light the Lady *Penelope*, and the Lady *Hippolyta* to their Chambers, good night faire Ladies.

Hip. Good night Madam, I wiſh you may ſleepe well after your light ſupper.

Eng. I warrant you Lady I ſhall never be troubled with dreaming of my *French* Suter. *Exeunt.*

Ru. Why how now my *Frenchified* captain *Fowlweather*? by Cods ludd thy Surname is never thought upon here, I perceive heeres nobody gives thee any commendations

Fo. Why this is the untravaild rudnes of our groſſe Engleſh Ladies now; would any *French* Lady uſe a man thus thinke ye? be they any way ſo uncivill, and fulſome? they ſay they weare fowle ſmockes, and courſe ſmockes, I ſay they lie, and I will die int.

Rud. I, doe ſo, pray thee, thou ſhalt die in a very honorable cauſe, thy countries generall quarrell right.

Foul. Their ſmockes quoth you; a my word you ſhall take them up ſo whit, and ſo pure, ſo ſweet, ſo Emphaticall, ſo mooving-

Rud. I marry Sir, I thinke they be continually moving.

Foul. But if their ſmockes were Courſe or foule.

Rud. Nay I warrant thee thou careſt not, ſo thou wert at them.

Foul. S'death they put not all their virtues in their ſmockes, or in their mockes, or in their ſtewde cockes as our Ladies doe.

Rud. But in their ſtewd pox, there's all their gentilitie.

Goos. Nay good Sir *Cnit.* doe not agravate him no more.

Foul. Then are they ſo kinde, ſo wiſe, ſo familiar, ſo noble, ſo ſweet in entertainment, that when you ſhall, have cauſe to deſcourſe or ſometimes to come neerer them; if your breath be ill, your teeth ill, or any thing about

about you ill, why they will preſently breake with ye, in kinde ſort, good termes, pretty experiments, and tell you plaine this; thus it is with your breath, Sir, thus it is with your teeth, Sir, this is your diſeaſe, and this is your medicine.

Gooſ. As I am true mortall Knight, it is moſt ſuperlatively good, this.

Foul. Why this is Courtly now, this is ſweete, this plaine, this is familiar, but by the Court of *France*, our peeviſh dames are ſo proud, ſo preciſe, ſo coy, ſo diſdainfull, and ſo ſubtill, as the *Pomonian* Serpent, *mort dieu* the Puncke of *Babylon* was never ſo ſubtill.

Rud. Nay, doe not chaſe ſo Captaine.

Foul. Your *Frenchman* wood ever chaſe ſir *Cutt.* being thus movde.

Rud. What? and play with his beard ſo?

Foul I and bryſtle, it doth expreſſe that paſſion of anger very full, and Emphaticall.

Gooſ. Nay good Knight if your *French* wood bryſtle, let him alone, introth our Ladies are a little too coy, and ſubtill, Captaine, indeed.

Foul. Subtill ſir *Gyles Gooſe-cappe?* I aſſure your ſoule, they are as ſubtill with their ſuters, or loves, as the latine Dialect, where the nominative Caſe, and the Verbe, the Subſtantive, and the Adjective, ~~the Verbe, and the Verbe~~, ſtand as far a funder, as if they were perfect ſtrangers one to another; and you ſhall hardly find them out, but then learne to Conſter, and perſe them, and you ſhall find them prepared, and acquainted, and agree together, in Caſe gender, and number.

Gooſ. I deteſt ſir *Cutt*, I did not thinke he had bin halfe the quinteſſence of a ſcholler he is.

Foul. Slydd there's not one of them truely Emphaticall.

Gooſ. Yes, I'le enſure you Captaine, there are many of them truely Emphaticall: but all your *French* Ladies are not fatt? are they ſir?

Foul. Fatt ſir? why doe ye thinke Emphaticall is fatt ſir *Gyles*?

Rud. Gods my life, brother Knight, didſt thou thinke ſo? hart I know not what it is my ſelfe, but yet I never thought it was fatt, Ile be ſworne to thee.

Foul. Why if any true Courtly dame had, had but this new faſhioned ſute, to entertaine any thing indifferently ſtuffed, why you ſhould have had her more reſpective by farre.

Rud. Nay, theres ſome reaſon for that Captaine, me thinkes a true woman ſhould prepetually doate upon a new faſhion.

Foul. Why y'are i'thright ſir *Cutt*. *In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas.* Tis the mind of man and woman to affect new faſhions, but to our Mynſatives for ſooth, if he come like to your *Beſognio*, or your bore, ſo he be rich, or emphaticall they care not; would I might never excell a dutch Skipper in Courtſhip, if I did not put diſtaſte into my cariage of purpoſe, I knew I ſhould not pleaſe them. *Lacquay? allume le torche.*

Rud. Slydd, heres neyther Torch, nor Lacquay, me thinks.

Foul. *O mon dieu.*

Rud. O doe not ſweare Captaine.

Foul. Your Frenchman ever ſweares, Sir *Cutt*, upon the lacke of his Lacquay, I aſſure you.

Gooſ. See heere he comes, and my Ladies two pages, they have bin tickling the vanity ant yfaith.

SCÆNA TERTIA.

Enter to them Iacke. Bullaker, Will.

Ia. Captaine *Fowleweather*, my Lady the Countes *Engenia* commends her moſt kindly to you, and is determined to morrow-morning earely, if it be a froſt, to take her Coach to Barnet to be nipt; where if it pleaſe you,

to

to meete her, and accompany her homeward, joyning your wit with the froſt, and helpe to nip her, She does not doubt but tho you had a ſad ſupper, you will have a joyfull breakefaſt.

Foul. I ſhall indeed my deare youth.

Rud Why Captaine I abus'd thee, I ſee: I ſaid the Ladies reſpected thee not, and now I perceive the widow is in love with thee.

Foul. Sblood, Knight, I knew I had ſtrucke her to the quicke, I wondred ſhee departed in that extravagant faſhion: I am ſure I paſt one *Paſſado* of Courtſhip upon her, that has hertofore made a lane amongſt the *French* Ladies like a Culvering ſhot, Ile be ſworne; and I thinke Sir *Gyles* you ſaw ſhe fell under it.

Gooſ. O as cleare as candlelight, by this day-light.

Ru. O good Knight a the poſt, heele ſweare any thing.

Will. The other two Ladies commend them no leſſe kindly to you two Knights too; & deſire your worſhips wood meete them at Barnet ith morning with the Captaine.

Foul. Gooſ. Rud. O good Sir.

Gooſ. Our worſhips ſhall attend their Ladiſhips thether.

Ia. No Sir *Gyles* by no meanes, they will goe privately thether, but if you will meet them there.

Rud. Meet them? weele die fort, but weele meet them.

Foul. Lets goe thether to night Knights, and you be true Gallants.

Rud. Content.

Ia. How greedely they take it in, Sirra?

Gooſ. No it is too farre to goe to night, weele be up betimes ith morning, and not goe to bedd at all.

Foul. Why its but ten miles, and a fine cleere night, ſir *Gyles*.

Gooſ. But ten miles? what doe ye talke Captaine?

Rud. Why? dooſt thinke its any more?

Gooſ. I, Ile lay ten pounds its, more then ten miles, or twelue eyther.

Rud. What to *Barnet*?

Goose. *I*, to *Barnet.*

Ru. Slidd, Ile lay a hundred pound with thee, if thou wilt.

Goos. Ile lay five hundred, to a hundred, Slight I will not be outborne with a wager, in that I know: I am sure it was foure yeeres agon ten miles thether, and I hope tis more now, Slidd doe not miles grow thinke you, as well as other *Animals*?

Ia. O wise Knight!

Goos. I never innd in the Towne but once, and then they lodged me in a Chamber so full of these Ridiculous Fleas, that I was faine to lie standing all night, and yet I made my man rise, and put out the Candle too, because they should not see to bite me.

Foul. A pretty project.

Bul. Intruth Captaine, if I might advise you, you should tarry, and take the morning afore you.

Foul. How? *O mon Dieu!* how the villaine *poultroune*, dishonours his travaile! you *Buffonly Mouchroun*, are you so mere rude, and English to advise your Captaine?

Ru. Nay, I prethee *Foulweather*, be not tempestious with thy poore Lacquay.

Foul. Tempestious, Sir *Cutt*? will your *Frenchman*, thinke you, suffer his Lacquay to advise him?

Go. O God you must take heed lacquay how you advise your Captaine, your French lacquay would not have done it.

Foul. He would have bin poxt first: *Allume le torche*, sweet Pages commend us to your Ladies, say we kisse their white hands, and will not faile to meete them: Knights, which of you leades?

Goos. Not wee sir, you are a Captaine, and a leader.

Rud. Besides, thou art commended for the better man, for thou art very Commendations it selfe, and Captaine Commendations.

Foul.

Foul. Why ? what tho I be Captaine Commendations ?

Rud. Why, and Captaine Commendations. is harty commendations, for Captaines are harty I am ſure, or elſe hang them.

Foul. Why, what if I be harty Commendations, come, come, ſweet, Knights lead the way.

Rud. O Lord ſir, alwayes after my harty Commendations.

Foul. Nay then you conquer me with precedent, by the autenticall forme of all Iuſtice letters, *Alloun.*

Exeunt.

Ia. Here's a moſt ſweet Gudgeon ſwallowed, is there not ?

Will. I but how will they digeſt it, thinkeſt thou when they ſhall finde out Ladies not there ?

Ia. I have a vaunt-currying deviſe ſhall make them digeſt it moſt healthfully. *Exeunt.*

SCENA QVARTA.

Enter Clarence, Muſicians.

Cla. Worke on ſweet love, I am not yet reſolved
T'exhauſt this troubled ſpring of vanities,
And Nurſe of perturbations, my poore life,
And therefore ſince in every man that holds
This being deare, there muſt be ſome deſire,
Whoſe power to enjoy his object may ſo maske
The judging part, that in her radiant eyes
His eſtimation of the World may ſeeme
Vpright, and worthy, I have choſen love
To blind my Reaſon with his miſty hands
And make my eſtimative power beleeve
I have a project worthy to imploy
What worth ſo ever my whole man affords :

then ſit at reſt my ſoule, thou now haſt found
the end of thy infuſion, in the eyes
Of thy divine *Eugenia* looke for Heaven.
Cla. Thanks gentle friends. *A ſong to the Violls.*
Is your good Lord, and mine, gon up to bedd yet?

Enter Momford.

Mom. I do aſſure ye not ſir, not yet, nor yet, my deepe,
and ſtudious friend, not yet muſicall *Clarence.*
Cla. My Lord?
Mom. Nor yet, thou ſole divider of my Lordſhippe.
Cla. That were a moſt unfit diviſion,
And farre above the pitch of my low plumes;
I am your bold, and conſtant gueſt my Lord.
Mom. Far, far from bold, for thou haſt known me long
Almoſt theſe twenty yeeres, and halfe thoſe yeeres
Haſt bin my bed-fellow; long time before
This unſeene thing, this thing of naught indeed,
Or *Atome* cald, my Lordſhippe ſhind in me,
And yet thou mak'ſt thy ſelfe as little bould
To take ſuch kindnes, as becomes the Age
And truth of our indiſſolable love,
As our acquaintance ſprong but yeſterday,
Such is thy gentle, and too tender ſpirit.
Cla. My *Lord*, my want of Courtſhip makes me feare
I ſhould be rude, and this my meane eſtate
Meetes with ſuch envie, and detraction,
Such miſconſtructions, and reſolud miſdoomes
Of my poore worth, that ſhould I be advaunc'd
Beyond my unſeene lowenes, but one haire,
I ſhould be torne in peeces with the Spirits
That fly in ill-lungd tempeſts through the world,
Tearing the head of vertue from her ſhoulders
If ſhe but looke out of the ground of glory.
Twixt, whom, and me, and every worldly fortune
There fights ſuch ſowre, and curſt *Antipathy*,

So

So waſpiſh, and ſo petulant a Starre,
That all things tending to my grace or good
Are raviſht from their object, as I were
A thing created for a wildernes,
And muſt not thinke of any place with men.

Mom. O harke you Sir, this waiward moode of yours muſt ſifted be, or rather rooted out, youle no more muſicke Sir?

Cla. Not now my Lord.

Mom. Begon my maſters then to bedd, to bedd.

Cla. I thanke you honeſt friends.

Exeunt Muſicians.

Mo. Hence with this book, & now *Mounſieur Clarence*, me thinks plaine, & proſe friendſhip would do excellent well betwixt us: come thus Sir, or rather thus, come. Sir tis time I trowe that we both liv'd like one body, thus, and that both our ſides were ſlit, and concorporat with *Organs* fit to effect an individuall paſſage even for our very thoughts; ſuppoſe we were one body now, and I charge you beleeve it; whereof I am the hart, and you the liver.

Cla. Your Lordſhip might well make that diviſion, if you knew the plaine ſong.

Mo. O Sir, and why ſo I pray?

Cla. Firſt becauſe the heart, is the more worthy entraile, being the firſt that is borne, and moves, and the laſt that moves, and dies; and then being the Fountaine of heate too: for whereſoever our heate does not flow directly from the hart to the other *Organs* there, their action muſt of neceſſity ceaſe, and ſo without you I neither would nor could live.

Mom. Well ſir, for theſe reaſons I may be the heart, why may you be the liver now?

Cla. I am more then aſham'd, to tell you that my *Lord.*

Mom. Nay, nay, be not too ſuſpitious of my judgement in you I beſeech you: aſham'd friend? if your love

love overcome not that ſhame, a ſhame take that love, I ſay.

Come ſir, why may you be the liver?

Cla. The plaine, and ſhort truth is (my *Lord*) becauſe I am all liver, and turnd lover.

Mom. Lover?

Cla. Lover yfaith my *Lord.*

Mom. Now I prethee let me leape out of my skin for joy: why thou wilt not now revive the ſociable mirth of thy ſweet diſpoſition? wilt thou ſhine in the World anew? and make thoſe that have ſleighted thy love, with the Auſteritie of thy knowledge, dote on thee againe with thy commanding ſhaft of their humours?

Cla. Alas my *Lord* they are all farre out of my aime; and only to fit my ſelfe a little better to your friendſhippe, have I given theſe wilfull raynes to my affections.

Mom. And yfaith is my ſower friend to all worldly deſires ouer taken with the hart of the World, *Love*? I ſhall be monſtrous proud now, to heare ſhees every way a moſt rare woman, that I know thy ſpirit, & judgement hath choſen, is ſhe wiſe? is ſhe noble? is ſhe capable of thy vertues? will ſhe kiſſe this foreheadw ith judiciall lipps? where ſomuch judgement, & vertue deſerves it? Come brother Twin, be ſhort, I charge you, and name me the woman.

Cla. Since your *Lord*ſhip will ſhorten the length of my follies relation, the woman that I ſo paſſionately love, is no worſe *Lady* then your owne Neece, the too worthy Counteſſe *Eugenia.*

Mom. Why ſo, ſo, ſo, you are a worthy friend, are you not, to conceale this love-mine in your head, and would not open it to your hart? now beſhrow my hart, if my hart danſe not for joy, tho my heeles do not, and they doe not, becauſe I will not ſet that at my heeles that my friend ſets at his heart? friend, and Nephews both? nephew is a far inferior title to friend

I confesse, but I will preferre thee backwards (as many friends doe) and leave their friends woorse then they found them.

Cla. But my noble Lo. it is almost a prodigy, that I being onely a poore Gentleman, and farre short of that state, and wealth that a Lady of her greatnesses in both will expect in her husband.

Mom. Hold thy doubt friend, never feare any woman, unlesse thy selfe be made of straw, or some such drie matter, and she of lightning. *Audacitie* prospers above probability in all Worldly matters. Dost not thou know that Fortune governes them without order, and therefore reason the mother of order is none of her counsaile? why should a man desiring to aspire an unreasonable creature, which is a woman, seeke her fruition by reasonable meanes? because thy selfe binds upon reason, wilt thou looke for congruity in a woman? why? there is not one woman amongst one thousand, but will speake false *Latine*, and breake *Priscians* head. Attempt nothing that you may with great reason doubt of, and out of doubt you shall obtaine nothing. I tell thee friend the eminent confidence of strong spirits is the onely witch-craft of this VVorld, Spirits wrastling with spirits as bodies with bodies: this were enough to make thee hope well, if she were one of these painted communities, that are ravisht with Coaches, and upper hands, and brave men of durt: but thou knowest friend shees a good scholler, and like enough to bite at the rightest reason, and reason evermore *Ad optima hortatur*: to like that which is best, not that which is braveſt, or righteſt, or greateſt, and so consequently worst. But prove what shee can, wee will turne her, and winde her, and make her so plyant, that we will drawe her thorugh a wedding ring yfaith.

Cla. Would to god we might my Lord.

Mom. Ile warrant thee friend.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Here is Miſtris *Winnifred*; for my Lady *Eugenia* deſires to ſpeake with your Lordſhip.

Mom. Marry enter Miſtris *Winnifred* even here I pray thee, from the Lady *Eugenia*, doe you heare friends?

Cla. Very eaſily on that ſide my Lord.

Mom. Let me feele. does not thy heart pant apace? by my hart well labor'd *Cupid*, the field is yours ſir God, and upon a very honourable compoſition, I am ſent for now I am ſure, and muſt even truſſe, and to her.

Enter Winnifred.

Witty Miſtris *Winnifred*, nay come neere woman. I am ſure this Gentleman thinkes his Chamber the ſweeter for your deare preſence.

Win. My abſence ſhall thanke him my Lord.

Mom. What rude? Miſtris *Winnifred*? nay faith you ſhall come to him, and kiſſe him, for his kindeneſſe.

Win. Nay good my Lord, I'le never goe to the market for that ware, I can have it brought home to my Dore.

Mom. O *Winnifred*, a man may know by the market-folkes how the market goes.

Win. So you may my Lord, but I know few Lords that thinke ſcorne to go to that market themſelves.

Mom. To goe to it *Winnifred*? nay to ride to it yfaith.

Win. Thats more then I know my Lord.

Mom. Youle not beleeve it till you are then a horſe-backe, will ye? (you hreare it?

Win. Come, come, I am ſent of a meſſage to you, will

Mom. Stoppe, ſtoppe faire *Winnifred*, would you have audience ſo ſoone, there were no ſtate in that yfaith; this faire gentlewoman ſir.

Win. Now we ſhall have a fiction I beleeve.

Mom. Had three Suters at once.

Win.

Win. Youle leave out none my Lord.

Mom. No more did you *Winnifred*: you enterferde with them all in truth.

Win. O Monſtrous Lord by this light!

Mom. Now ſir to make my tale ſhort I will doe that which ſhe did not; vz. leave out the two firſt, the third comming the third night for his turne.

Win. My Lord, my lord, my Lady does that, that no body elſe does, deſires your company, and ſo fare you well.

Mom. O ſtay a little ſweet *Winnifred*, helpe me but to truſſe my Poynts againe, and have with you.

Win. Not I by my truth my Lord, I had rather ſee your hoſe about your heeles, then I would helpe you to truſſe a poynt.

Mom. O witty *Winnifred*? for that jeſt, take thy paſſe-port, and tell thy Ladies, thou leftſt me with my hoſe about my heeles.

Win. Well, well my Lord you ſhall ſit till the moſſe grow about your heeles, ere I come at you againe. *Exit.*

Mom. She cannot abide to heare of her three Suiters; but is not this very fit my ſweet *Clarence*? Thou ſeeſt my rare Neece cannot ſleepe without me; but for thy company ſake, ſhe ſhall to night; and in the morning I will viſit her earely; when doe thou but ſtand in that place, and thou maieſt chance heare (but art ſure to ſee) in what ſubtill, and farre-feteht manner Ile ſolicite her about thee.

Cla. Thank's worthy Lord. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

ACTVS SECVNDI SCENA PRIMA.

Clarence Solus.

Cla. I That have ſtudied with world-skorning thoughts

the way of Heaven, and how trew Heaven is reatcht
To know how mighty, and how many are
The ſtrange affections of inchanted number.
How to diſtinguiſh all the motions
Of the Celeſtiall bodies, and what power
Doth ſeparate in ſuch forme this maſſie Rownd,
What is his Eſſence, Efficacies, Beames,
Foot-ſteps, and Shadowes? what Eterneſſes is
The World, and Time, and Generation?
What Soule, the worlds Soule is? what the blacke
And unreveald Originall of Things, (Springs
What their perſeverance? what's life, and death,
And what our certaine Reſtauration;
Am with the ſtaid-heads of this Time imploy'd
To watch withall my Nerves a Female ſhade.

Enter Winnifred, Anabell, with their ſowing workes and ſing: After their ſong Enter Lord Momford.

Mom. Witty Miſtriſſe *Winnifred*, where is your Counteſſe, I pray?

Win. Faith your Lordſhip is bould enough to ſeeke her out, if ſhe were at her urinall?

Mom. Then Sh'as done it ſeemes, for here ſhe comes to ſave me that labour, away wenches, get you hence wenches. *Exeunt.*

Eu. What, can you not abide my maides unkle?

Mom. I never cood abide a maide in my life Neece, but either I draw away the maide, or the maidenhead with a wet finger.

Eug. You love to make your ſelfe worſe then you are ſtill.

Mom. I know few mend in this VVorld Madam, For the worſe the better thought on, the better the worſe ſpoken on ever amongſt women.

Eu.

Eu. I wonder where you have bin all this while with your ſentences.

Mom. Faith where I muſt be againe preſently. I cannot ſtay long with you my deere Neece.

Eu. By my faith but you ſhall my Lord, cods pittie what will become of you ſhortly, that you drive maids afore you, & offer to leave widowes behind you, as mankindelie, as if you had taken a ſurfet of our Sex lately, and our very ſight turnd your ſtomacke?

Mom. Cods my life, ſhe abuſes her beſt unkle; never truſt me if it were not a good revenge to helpe her to the loſſe of her wodow-head.

Eu. That were a revenge, and a halfe, indeed.

Mom Nay twere but a whole revenge Neece, but ſuch a revenge as would more then obſerve the true rule of a revenger.

Eu. I know your rule before you utter it, *Vleiſcere inimico ſed ſine tuo incommodo.*

Mom. O rare Neece, you may ſee, what tis to be a a ſcholler now, learning in a woman is like waight in gold, or luſter in Diamants, which in no other Stone is ſo rich or refulgent.

Eug. But ſay deere Vnckle how could you finde in your heart to ſtay ſo long from me?

Mom. Why Alas Neece, y'are ſo ſmeard with this willfull-widdows-three-yeeres blacke weede, that I never come to you, but I dreame of Coarſes, and Sepulchres, and Epitaphs, all the night after, and therefore adew deere Neece.

Eug. Beſhrew my heart my Lord, if you goe theis three houres.

Mom. Three houres? nay Neece, if I daunce attendance three hours (alone in her Chamber) with any Lady ſo neere alide to me, I am very idle yfaith, mary with ſuch an other; I would daunce, one, two, three, foure, and five, tho it coſt me ten ſhillings; and now I am in, have at it, my head muſt deviſe ſomething while my feet

are pidling thus, that may bring her to ſome fit conſideration of my friend, who indeed is onely a great ſcholler, and all his honours, and riches lie in his minde.

Eu. Come, come, pray tell me uncle, how does my coſen *Momford*?

Mom. Why, well, very well Neece, and ſo is my friend *Clarence* well too, and then is there a worthy gentleman well as any is in England I can tell ye.

Eug. But when did you ſee my Coſen?

Mom. And tis pitty, but he ſhould do well, and he ſhall be well too, if all my wealth will make him well.

Eug. What meanes he by this tro yee, your Lo. is very danſitive me thinkes.

Mom. I, and I could tell you a thing would make your Ladiſhip very danſitive, or elſe it were very dunſative yfaith. O how the skipping of this Chriſtmas blocke of ours moves the block-head heart of a woman, & indeed any thing that pleaſeth the fooliſh eye which preſently runnes with a lying tale of Excellence to the minde.

Eug. But I pray tell me my Lo. could you tell me of a thing would make me danſe ſay you?

Mom. Well, farewell ſweet Neece, I muſt needs take my leave in earneſt.

Eu. Lord bleſſe us, heres ſuch a ſtir with your farewels

Mom. I will ſee you againe within theſe two or three dayes a my word Neece.

Eug. Cods pretious, two or three dayes? why this Lord is in a maruallous ſtrange humor. Sit downe ſweet Vnckle, yfairh I have to talke with you about greate matters.

Mom. Say then deere Neece, be ſhort utter your minde quickly now.

Eug. But I pray tell me firſt, what's that would make me danſe yfaith?

Mom. Danſe, what danſe? hetherto your danſers legges bow for-ſooth, and Caper, and jerke, and Firke;

Firke, and dandle the body above them, as it were their great childe, though the ſpeciall jerker be about this place I hope, here lies that ſhud fetch a perfect woman over the Coles yfaith.

Eug. Nay good Vnckle ſay what's the thing you could tell me of?

Mom. No matter, no matter: But let me ſee a paſſing proſperous fore-head of an exceeding happy diſtance betwixt the eye browes; a cleare lightning eye; a temperate, and freſh bloud in both the cheekes: excellent markes, moſt excellent markes of good fortune.

Eug. Why, how now Vnckle did you never ſee me before?

Mom. Yes Neece; but the ſtate of theſe things at this inſtant muſt be ſpecially obſerved, and theſe outward ſignes being now in this cleere elevation, ſhow your untroubled minde is in an excellent power, to preferre them to act forth then a little deere Neece.

Eug. This is excellent.

Mom. The Criſes here are excellent good; The proportion of the chin good; the little aptnes of it to ſticke out; good. And the wart above it moſt exceeding good. Never truſt me, if all things be not anſwerable to the prediction of a moſt Divine fortune towards her; now if ſhe have the grace to apprehend it in the nicke; thers all.

Eug. Well my Lord, ſince you will not tell me your ſecret, ile keepe another from you; with whoſe diſcovery, you may much pleaſure me, and whoſe concealement may hurt my eſtate. And if you be no kinder then to ſee me ſo indangered; ile be very patient of it, I aſſure you.

Mom. Nay then it muſt inſtantly foorth. This kinde conjuration even fires it out of me; and (to be ſhort) gather all your judgment together, for here it comes. Neece; *Clarence Clarence*, rather my ſoule then my friēd *Carence* of too ſubſtantiall a worth, to have any figures caſt about

bout him (notwithſtanding, no other woman with Empires could ſtirre his affections)is with your vertues moſt extreamely in love; and without your requitall dead. And with it Fame ſhall ſound this golden diſticke through the World of you both.

Non illo melior quiſquam, nec amantior æqui
Vir fuit, aut illa reverentior ulla Deorum.

Eug. Ay me poore Dame, O you amaſe me Vncle,
Is this the wondrous fortune you preſage ?
What man may miſerable women truſt ?

Mom. O peace good Lady, I come not to raviſh you to any thing. But now I ſee how you accept my motion : I perceive(how upon true triall) you eſteeme me. Have I rid all this Circuit to levie the powers of your Iudgment, that I might not prove their ſtrength too ſodainly with ſo violent a charge; And do they fight it out in white blood, and ſhow me their hearts in the ſoft Chriſtall of teares ?

Eug. O uncle you have wounded your ſelfe in charging me that I ſhould ſhun Iudgement as a monſter, if it would not weepe; I place the poore felicity of this World in a woorthy friend, and to ſee him ſo unworthily revolted, I ſhed not the teares of my Brayne, but the teares of my ſoule. And if ever nature made teares th'effects of any worthy cauſe, I am ſure I now ſhed them worthily.

Mom. Her ſenſuall powers are up yfaith, I have thruſt her ſoule quite from her Tribunall. This is her *Sedes vacans* when her ſubjects are priviledged to libell againſt her, and her friends. But weeps my kinde Neece for the wounds of my friendſhip ? And I toucht in friendſhip for wiſhing my friend doubled in her ſinguler happineſſe ?

Eug. How am I doubl'd? when my honour, and good name

name, two eſſentiall parts of me; would be leſſe, and loſte?

Mom. In whoſe judgment?

Eug. In the judgment of the World.

Mom. Which is a fooles boult. *Nihil a virtute nec a veritate remotius, quam vulgaris opinio:* But my deare Neece, it is moſt true that your honour, and good name tendred, as they are the ſpecies of truth, are worthily two eſſentiall parts of you; But as they conſiſt only in ayrie titles, and corruptible bloud (whoſe bitternes *ſanitas & non nobilitas efficit*) and care not how many baſe, and execrable acts they commit, they touch you no more then they touch eternity. And yet ſhall no nobility you have in eyther, be impaired neyther.

Eug. Not to marry a poore Gentleman?

Mom. Reſpect him not ſo; for as he is a Gentleman he is noble; as he is wealthily furniſhed with true knowledge, he is rich, and therein adorn'd with the exacteſt complements belonging to everlaſting nobleneſſe.

Eug. Which yet will not maintaine him a weeke: Such kinde of nobleneſſe gives no coates of honour, nor can ſcarſe get a coate for neceſſity.

Mom. Then is it not ſubſtantiall knowledge (as it is in him) but verball, and fantaſticall for *Omnia in illa ille complexu tenet.*

Eug. Why ſeekes he me then?

Mom. To make you joynt partners with him in all things, and there is but a little partiall difference betwixt you, that hinders that univerſall joynture: The bigneſſe of this circle held too neere our eye keepes it from the whole Spheare of the Sun; but could we ſuſtaine it indifferently betwixt us, and it would then without checke of one beame appeare in his fulnes.

Eug. Good Vnckle be content, for now ſhall I never dreame ſo contentment.

Mom. I have more then done Lady, and had rather have ſuffer'd an alteration of my being, then of your

Iudgment; but (deere Neece) for your own honours ſake repaire it inſtantly.

Enter Hippolyta, Penelope, Lacke, Will.

See heere comes the Ladies; make an Aprill day, on deare Love, and bee ſodainly cheerefull. God ſave you more then faire Ladies, I am glad your come, for my buſines will have me gone preſently.

Hip. Why my Lord *Momford* I ſay? will you goe before Dinner?

Mom. No remedy, ſweet Beauties, for which rudneſſe I lay my hands thus low for your pardons.

Pen. O Courteous Lo. *Momford!*

Mom. Neece? ——— *Mens eſt quæ ſola quietos,*
Sola facit claros, mentemque honoribus ornat. Exit.

Eug. *Verus honos juvat, at mendax infamia terret.*

Mom. Mine owne deare nephew?

Cla. What ſucceſſe my Lord?

Mom. Excellent; excellent; come Ile tell thee all. *Exeunt.*

Hip. Doe you heare Madam, how our youthes here have guld our three Suiters?

Eug. Not I Lady, I hope our ſuiters are no fit meat for our Pages.

Pe. No Madam, but they are fit ſawce for any mans meat, Ile warrent them.

Eug. What's the matter *Hippolyta*?

Hip. They have ſent the Knights to *Barnet*, Madam, this froſty morning to meet us there.

Eug. I'ſt true youths, are Knights fit ſubjects for your knaveries?

Will. Pray pardon us Madam, we would be glad to pleaſe any body.

Ia.

Ia. I indeed, Madam, and we were ſure we pleaſed them highly, to tell them you were deſirous of their company.

Hip. O t'was good *Eugenia*, their livers were too hot, you know, and for tempers ſake they muſt needs have a cooling carde plaid upon them.

Wil. And beſides Madam we wood have them know that your two little Pages, which are leſſe by halfe then two leaves, have more learning in them then is in all their three volumnes.

Ia. I yfaith *Will*, and put their great pagicall index to them too.

Hip. But how will ye excuſe your abuſes wags?

Wil. We doubt not Madam, but if it pleaſe your Ladiſhip to put up their abuſes.

Ia. Truſting they are not ſo deere to you, but you may.

Wil. We ſhall make them gladly furniſh their pockets wirh them.

Hip. Well, children, and fooles, agree as you will, and let the World know now, women have nothing to doe with you.

Pe. Come, Madam, I thinke your Dinner be almoſt ready.

Enter Tales, Kingcob.

Hip. And ſee, here are two honourable gueſts for you, the *Lord Tales*, and ſir *Cutberd Kingcob*.

Ta. Lacke you any gueſts Madam?

Eu. I my *Lo.* ſuch gueſts as you.

Hip. Theres as common an anſwere, as yours was a queſtion my *Lord*.

King. Why? all things ſhood be common betwixt *Lords*, and *Ladies*, you know.

Pen. Indeed ſir *Cutberd Kingcob*, I have heard, you are either of the family of *Love*, or of no religion at all.

Eug. He may well be ſaid to be of the family of love, he does ſo flow in the loves of poore overthrowne Ladies.

King. You ſpeake of that I wood doe Madam, but in earneſt, I am now ſuing for a new Miſtres; looke in my hand ſweet Lady, and tell me what fortune I ſhall have with her.

Eug. Doe you thinke me a witch, Sir *Cutberd*?

King. Pardon me Madam, but I know you to be learned in all things.

Eug. Come on, lets ſee.

Hip. He does you a ſpeciall favour Lady, to give you his open hand, for tis commonly ſhut they ſay.

King. What find you in it Madam?

Eug. Shut it now, and ile tell yee.

King. What now Lady?

Eug. Y'ave the worſt hand that ever I ſaw Knight have, when tis open, one can find nothing in it, and when tis ſhut one can get nothing out ont.

King. The age of letting goe is paſt, Madam; we muſt not now let goe, but ſtrike up mens heeles, and take am as they fall.

Eug. A good Corniſh principle beleeve it ſir *Cutberd*.

Tales. But I pray tell me Lady *Penelope*, how entertaine you the love of my Coſen ſir *Gyles Gooſe-cappe*.

Pene. Are the *Gooſe-cappes* a kin to you my Lord?

Ta. Even in the firſt degree Madam. And Sir *Gyles* I can tell ye, tho he ſeeme ſomething ſimple, is compoſ'd of as many good parts as any Knight in England.

Hip. He ſhood be put up for concealement then, for he ſhewes none of them.

Pen. Are you able to reckon his good parts my Lord?

Ta. Ile doe the beſt I can Lady, firſt, he danſes as comely, and lightly as any man, for upon my honour, I have ſeene him danſe upon Egges, and a has not broken them.

Pene. Nor crackt them neyther.

Ta. That I know not, indeed I wood be loath, to lie though he be my kinſman, to ſpeake more then I know by him.

Eng. Well forth my *Lord*.

Ta. He has an excellent skill in all manner of perfumes, & if you bring him gloves from forty pence, to forty ſhillings a paire, he will tell you the price of them to two pence.

Hip. A pretty ſweet quality beleeve me.

Tales. Nay *Lady* he will perfume you gloves him ſelfe moſt delicately, and give them the right Spaniſh Titillation.

Pene. Titillation what's that my *Lord*?

Tal. Why, *Lady*, tis a pretty kinde of terme new come up in perfuming, which they call a Titillation.

Hip. Very well expounded my *Lo*; forth with your kinſmans parts I pray.

Tal. He is the beſt Sempſter of any woman in England, and will worke you needle-worke-edgings, and *French* Purles, from an Angell to foure Angells a yarde.

Eng. That's pretious ware indeed.

Tal. He will worke you any flower to the life, as like it as if it grew in the very place, and being a delicate perfumer, he will give it you his perfect, and naturall ſavour.

Hip. This is wonderfull; forth ſweet *Lo. Tales.*

Tal. He will make you flyes, and wormes, of all ſorts moſt lively, and is now working a whole bed embrodred, with nothing but glowe wormes; whoſe lights a has ſo perfectly done, that you may goe to bed in the Chamber, doe any thing in the Chamber, without a Candle.

Pene. Never truſt me, if it be not incredible; forth my good *Lord*.

Tal. He is a moſt excellent Turner, and will turne you waſſel-bowles, and poſſet Cuppes carv'd with lib-

berds faces, and *Lyons* heads with ſpouts in their mouths, to let out the poſſet Ale, moſt artificially.

Eug. Forth good *Lord Tales.*

Pene. Nay good my *Lord* no more, you have ſpoken for him thoroughly I warrant you.

Hip. I lay my life *Cupid* has ſhot my ſiſter in love with him out of your lips my *Lord.*

Eug. Well, come in my *Lords*, and take a bad Dinner with me now, and we will all goe with you at night to a better ſupper with the *Lo.* and *Lady Furnifall.*

King. Tale. We attend you honourable *Ladies.*

Exeunt.

ACTVS TERTII SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Rudeſby, Gooſe-cappe.

Rud. Bullaker.

Bul. I Sir.

Rud. Ride, and catch the Captaines Horſe.

Bul. So I doe Sir.

Rud I wonder, Sir *Gyles*, you wood let him goe ſo, and not ride after him.

Ooſ. Wood I might never be mortall ſir *Cut.* if I rid not after him, till my horſe ſweat, ſo that he had nere a dry thread on him, and hollod, and hollod to him to ſtay him, till I had thought my fingers ends wood have gon off with hollowings; Ile be ſworne to yee, & yet he ran his way like a *Diogenes*, and would never ſtay for us.

Rud. How ſhall we doe to get the lame Captaine to London, now his horſe is gone?

Gooſ. Why? he is but a lame jad neyther Sir *Moyle*, we ſhall ſoone our'take him I warrent ye.

Rud. And yet thou ſaiſt thou gallopſt after him as faſt as thou coodſt, and coodſt not Catch him; I lay my

my life ſome Crabfiſh has bitten thee by the tongue, thou ſpeakeſt ſo backward ſtill.

Gooſ. But heres all the doubt ſir *Cutt.* if no body ſhoold catch him now, when he comes at London, ſome boy or other wood get up on him, and ride him hot into the water to waſh him; Ile bee ſworne I followed one that rid my Horſe into the Thames, till I was up tooth knees hethereto; and if it had not beene ſor feare of going over ſhooes, becauſe I am troubled with the rheume, I wood have taught him to waſh my Horſe when he was hot yfaith.

Enter Fowleweather.

How now ſweet Captaine, doſt feele any eaſe in thy paine yet?

Fwd. Eaſe in his paine quoth you, has good lucke if he feele eaſe in paine, I thinke, but wood any aſſe in the World ride downe ſuch a Hill as High-gate is, in ſuch a froſt as this, and never light.

Foul. Cods precious ſir *Cutt.* your *Frenchman* never lights I tell ye.

Gooſ. Light ſir *Cutt*, Slight, and I had my horſe againe, theres nere a paltry Engliſh froſt an them all ſhood make me light?

Rud. Goe too you *French* Zanies you, you will follow the *French* ſteps ſo long, till you be not able to ſet one ſound ſteppe oth ground all the daies of your life.

Gooſ. Why ſir *Cut.* I care not if I be not ſound, ſo I be well, but we were juſtly plagu'd by this Hill, for following women thus.

Foul. I, and Engliſh women too, ſir *Gyles.*

Rud. Thou art ſtill prating againſt Engliſh women, I have ſeene none of the *French* Dames, I confeſſe, but your greateſt gallants, for men in *France*, were here lately, I am ſure, and me thinks there ſhould be no more difference

difference betwixt our *Ladies*, and theirs, then there is betwixt our *Lords*, and theirs, and our *Lords* are as farr byond them yfaith, for perſon, and Courtſhip, as they are beyond ours for phantaſticality.

Foul. O *Lord* ſir *Cut.* I am ſure our *Ladies* hold our Lords tacke for Courtſhip, and yet the *French* Lords put them downe, you noted it ſir *Gyles*.

Gooſ. O God ſir, I ſtud, and heard it, as I ſat ith preſence.

Rud. How did they put them downe, I pray thee?

Foul. VVhy for wit, and for Court-ſhip Sir *Moile*.

Foul. As how good left-handed *Francois*.

Foul. Why Sir when *Monſieur Lambois* came to your miſtris the Lady *Hippolyta* as ſhe ſate in the preſence, ſit downe here good Sir *Gyles Gooſe-cappe*, he kneeld me by her thus Sir, and with a moſt queint *French ſtart* in his ſpeech of ah *belliſſime*, I deſire to die now ſaies he for your love that I might be buried here.

Rud. A good pickt-hatch complement, by my faith; but I prethee what anſwer'd ſhe.

Foul. She, I ſcorne to note that, I hope then did he vie it againe with an other hah.

Rud. That was hah, hah, I wood have put the third hah to it, if I had beene as my Miſtris, and hah, hah, haht him out of the preſence yfaith.

Foul. Hah ſaies he, theis faire eyes, I wood not for a million they were in *France*, they wood renew all our civill-wars againe.

Gooſ. That was not ſo good methinkes Captaine.

Rud. Well, iudgd yfaith, there was a little wit in that, I muſt confeſſe, but ſhe put him downe far, & anſwered him with a queſtion, & that was whether he wood ſeeme a lover, or a jeſter? if a lover, he muſt tell her far more lykelier then thoſe, or elſe ſhe was far from beleeving them, if a jeſter, ſhe cood have much more ridiculous jeſts then his of twenty fooles, that followed the Court,

Court, and told him ſhe ha as lieve be courted with a bruſh faggot as with a French man, that ſpent it ſelfe all in ſparkes, and would ſooner fire ones chimney then warme the houſe, and that ſuch ſparkes were good enough yet to ſet thatcht diſpoſitions a fire, but hers was tild with ſleight, and reſpected them as ſleightly.

Gooſ. Why ſo Captaine, and yet you talke of your great Frenchmen, to God little England had never knowne them *I* may ſay.

Foul. What's the matter ſir *Gyles*? are you out of love with Frenchmen now of a ſodaine?

Gooſ. Slydd Captaine, Wood not make one, Ile hee ſworne. Ile bee ſworne, they tooke away a maſtie Dogge of mine by commiſſion now, I thinke on't, makes my teares ſtand in my eyes with griefe, I had rather loſt the deareſt friend that ever *I* lay withall, in my life, be this light, never ſtir if he fought not with great *Sekerſon* foure hours to one, foremoſt take up hindmoſt, and tooke ſo many loaves from him, that he ſterud him preſently: So at laſt the dog cood doe no more then a Beare cood doe, and the beare being havy with hunger you know, fell upon the Dogge, broke his backe, and the Dogge never ſtird more.

Rud. Why thou ſaiſt the French men tooke him away.

Gooſ. Frenchmen, *I*, ſo they did too, but yet, and he had not bin kild, twood nere a greevd me.

Foul. O excellent unity of ſpeech.

Enter Will, and Iacke at ſeuerall Doores

VWill. Save ye Knights.

Ia. Save you Captaine.

Foul. Pages, welcome my fine Pages.

Rud. VVelcome boyes.

Gooſ. VVelcome ſweet *Will*, good *Iacke*.

Foul. But how chance you are ſo farre from London now pages ? is it almoſt Dinner time ?

Wil. Yes indeed *Sir*, but we left our fellowes to wait for once, and cood not chuſe in pure love to your worſhips, but we muſt needs come, and meet you, before you meet our Ladies, to tell you a ſecret.

Omnes. A ſecret, what ſecret I pray thee ?

Ia. If ever your worſhips ſay any thing, we are undone for ever.

Omnes. Not for a World beleeve it.

Will. Why then this it is; we over-heard our Ladies as they were talking in private ſay, they refuſ'de to meet you at *Barnet* this morning of purpoſe, becauſe they wood try which of you were moſt patient.

Ia. And ſome ſaid you, Sir *Gyles*, another you Sir. and the third you Captaine.

Om. This was excellent.

Wil. Then did they ſweare one another not to excuſe themſelves to you by any meanes, that they might try you the better. now if they ſhall ſee you ſay nothing in the World to them, what may come of it, when Ladies begin to try their ſuters once, I hope your wiſedomes can judge a little.

Foul. O ho, my little knave, let us alone now yfaith, wood I might be Caſheird, if I ſay any thing.

Rud. Faith, and I can forbeare my Tongue as well as another, I hope.

Gooſ. Wood I might be degraded, if I ſpeake a word, Ile tell them I care not for looſing my labour.

Foul. Come Knights ſhall wee not reward the Pages ?

Rud. Yes I prethee doe, ſir *Gyles* give the boyes ſomething.

Gooſ. Never ſtirre ſir *Cut.* if I have ever a groat about me but one three pence.

Foul. VVell Knights ile lay out fors all, here my

my fine Pages.

Wil. No in deed ant pleaſe your worſhip.

Foul. O Pages refuſe a Gentlemans bounty ?

Ia. Cry you mercy Sir, thanke you ſweet Captaine.

Foul. And what other newes is ſtirring my fine villiacos.

Wil. Marry Sir, they are invited to a great ſupper to night to your Lords houſe, Captaine, the Lord *Furnifall*, and there will be your great coſen Sir *Gyles Gooſe-cappe*, the LO. *Tales*, and your Vnckle Sir *Cut. Rudesby*, Sir *Cuthert Kingcob*.

Foul. The LO. *Tales*, what countriman is he ?

Ia. A kentiſh LO. ſir, his anceſtors came forth off Canterbury.

Foul. Out of Canterbury.

VVil. I indeed, Sir, the beſt *Tales* in England are your Canterbury *Tales*, I aſſure ye.

Rud. The boy tels thee true Captaine.

Ia. He writes his name Sir, *Tales*, and he being the tenth ſonne his Father had ; his Father Chriſtned him *Decem Tales*, and ſo his whole name is the Lord *Decem Tales*.

Gooſ. A my mortality the boy knowes more then I doe of our houſe.

Rud. But is the LA. *Furnifall* (Captaine) ſtill of the ſame drinking humor ſhe was wont to be ?

Foul. Still of the ſame, Knight, and is never in any ſociable veine till ſhe be typſie, for in her ſobriety ſhe is madd, and feares my good little old LO. out of all proportion.

King. And therefore, as I heare, he will earneſtly invite gueſts to his houſe, of purpoſe to make his wife dronke, and then dotes on her humour moſt prophanely.

Foul. Tis very true Knight ; we will ſuppe with them to night ; and you ſhall ſee her ; and now I thinke ont, ile tell you a thing Knights, wherein perhaps you

may exceedingly pleaſure me.

Gooſ. VVhat's that good Captaine?

Foul. I am deſirous to helpe my Lord to a good merry Foole, & I cood helpe him to a good merry one, he might doe me very much credit I aſſure ye.

Rud. Sbloud thou ſpeakeſt to us as if we cood ſerue thy turne.

Foul. O *France* Sir *Cut.* your Frenchman wood not have taken me ſo, for a world, but becauſe Fooles come into your companies many times to make you merry.

Rud. As thou doeſt.

Gooſ. Nay good ſir *Cut.* you know fooles doe come into your companies.

Rud. I and thou knowſt it too, no man better.

Foul. Beare off with Choller Sir *Gyles.*

Wil. But wood you helpe your Lord to a good foole ſo faine Sir?

Foul. I my good page exceeding faine.

Ia. You meane a wench, do you not Sir, a fooliſh wench?

Foul. Nay I wood have a man foole, for his Lord, Page.

Wil. Does his Lo. love a foole, ſo well I pray?

Foul. Aſſure thy ſelfe page, my Lord loves a foole, as he loves himſelfe,

Ia. Of what degree wood you have your Foole Sir? for you may have of all manner of degrees.

Foul. Faith, I wood have him a good Emphaticall Foole, one that wood make my Lord laugh well, and I carde no I.

Wil. Laugh well (um) then we muſt know this ſir, is your Lord coſtive of laughter, or laxative of laughter?

Foul. Nay he is a good merry little Lord, and indeed ſometimes Laxative of Laughter.

VVil. Why then ſir the leſſe wit will ſerue his Lordſhips

ſhips tume; marry if he had bin coſtive of laughte he muſt have had two or three drams of wit the more in his foole, for we muſt miniſter according to the quantity of his Lord humor, you know, and if he ſhood have as much wit in his foole being laxative of laughter, as if he were coſtive of Laughter, why he might laugh himſelfe into an *Epilepſie*, and fall downe dead ſodainly, as many have done with the extremity of that paſſion; and I know your Lord cares for nothing, but the health of a Foole.

Foul. Thart ith right my notable good page.

Ia. VVhy, and for that health, ſir, we will warrant his Lordſhip, that if he ſhould have all *Bacon de ſanitate tuenda* read to him, it ſhood not pleaſe his Lordſhip ſo well as our Foole ſhall.

Foul. Remercy my more then Engliſh pages.

Gooſ. A my word I have not ſeene pages have ſo much wit, that have never bin in *France* Captaine.

Foul. Tis true indeed Sir *Gyles*; well then my almoſt french Elixers will you helpe my Lord to a Foole ſo fit for him as you ſay.

Wil. As fit, Ile warrant you Captaine, as if he were made for him, and he ſhall come this night to ſupper, and foole where his Lord ſits at table.

Foul. Excellent fit, faile not now my ſweet pages.

Ia. Not for a world, ſir, we will goe both, and ſeeke him preſently.

Foul. Doe ſo my good wagges.

Wil. Save you Knights.

Ia. Save you Captaine.

Exeunt.

Foul. Farewell my pretty knaves, come Knights, ſhall we reſolve to goe to this Supper?

Rud. VVhat elſe?

Gooſ. And let's provide torches for our men to ſit at dore withall, Captaine.

Foul. That we will, I warrent you ſir *Gyles*:

Rud. Torches ? why the Moone will ſhine man.

Gooſ. The Moone ſir *Cut* : I ſcorne the Moone yfaith, Slydd ſometimes a man ſhall not get her to ſhine, & if he wood give her a couple of Capons, and one of them muſt be whit too, God forgive me, I cud never abide her ſince yeſterday, ſhe ſeru'd me ſuch a tricke tother night.

Rud. VVhy tricke ſir *Gyles* ?

Gooſ. VVhy ſir *Cut*, cauſe the daies be mortall, and ſhort now you know, and I love daie light well ; I thought it went away faſter then it needed, and run after it into *Finsbury*-fieldes ith calme evening to ſee the wind-Mils goe ; and even as I was going over a Ditch the Moone by this light of purpoſe runnes me behind a Cloud, and lets me fall into the Ditch by Heaven.

Rud. That was ill done in her, indeed ſir *Gyles*.

Gooſ. Ill done ſir *Cut* ? Slydd a man may beare, and beare, but, and ſhe have noe more good manners, but to make every blacke ſlovenly Cloud a pearle in her eye I ſhall nere love Engliſh Moone againe, while I live, Ile be ſworne to ye.

Foul. Come Knights to London Horſe, Horſe, Horſe.

Rud. In what a caſe he is with the poore Engliſh Moone, becauſe the *French* Moones (their Torches) will be the leſſe in faſhion, and I warrent you the Captaine will remember it too, tho he ſay nothing, he ſeconds his reſolute chaſe ſo, and follows him, Ile lay my life you ſhall ſee them the next cold night, ſhut the Mooneſhine out of their Chambers, and make it lie without Doores all night. I diſcredit my wit with their company, now I thinke on't, plague a god on them ; Ile fall a beating on them preſently.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Lord Momford, and Clarence.
Clarence, Horatio.

Cla. Sing good *Horatio*, while I ſigh, and write.
According to my maſter *Platos* minde,
The ſoule is muſicke, and doth therefore joy
In accents muſicall, which he that hates
With points of diſcord is together tyed,
And barkes at *Reaſon*, Conſonant in ſenſe
Divine *Eugenia*, beares the ocular forme
Of muſicke, and of *Reaſon*, and preſents
The ſoule exempt from fleſh in fleſh inflam'd;
Who muſt not love her then, that loves his ſoule?
To her I write, my friend, the ſtate of friends
Will needs have my ſtrange lines greet her ſtrange eies
And for her ſake ile power my poore Soule forth
In floods of inke, but did not his kinde hand
Barre me with violent grace, I wood conſume.
In the white flames of her impaſſionate love,
Ere my harſh lipps ſhood vent the odorous blaze.
For I am deſperate of all worldly joyes,
And there was never man ſo harſh to men,
When I am fulleſt of digeſted life,
I ſeeme a liveleſſe *Embrion* to all
Each day rackt up in night-like Funerall.
Sing good *Horatio*, whilſt I ſigh, and write.

Canto.

The Letter.

Suffer him to love that ſuffers not loving, my love is without paſſion, and therefore free from alteration.

Proſe is too harſh, and Verſe is Poetry
why ſhood I write, then? merry clad in inke

is but a manner, and as good as naked.
I will not writ, our my friend ſhall ſpeake for me.
Sing one ſtave more my good *Horatio*.

Canto

I muſt remember I know whom I love,
a dame of learning, and of life exempt
from all the idle fancies of her Sex,
and this that to an other dame wood ſeeme
perplext, and foulded in a rudeleſſe vaile
will be more cleere then ballads to her eye.
Ile writ, but if to ſatiſfie my friend.
your third ſtance ſweet *Horatio*, and no more.

Canto.

How vainele doe I offer my ſtrange love?
I marry, and bid ſtates, and entertaine
Ladies with tales, and jeſts, and Lords with newes,
and keepe a Houſe to feaſt *Acteons* hounds
that eate their Maſter, and let idle gueſts
draw me from ſerious ſearch of things divine?
to bid them ſit, and welcome, and take care
to ſooth their pallats with choyce kitchin-ſtuff,
as all muſt doe that marry, and keepe Houſe,
and then looke on the left ſide of my yoake
or on the right perhaps, and ſee my wife
Drawe in a quite repugnant courſe from me
buſied to ſtarch her French purles, and her puffs,
when I am in my *Anima reflexa*
quid eſt felicitas? quæ origo rerum?
and make theſe beings that are knowne to be
the onely ſerious object of true men
ſeeme ſhadowes, with ſubſtantiall ſtir ſhe keeps
about her ſhadowes, which if husbands love
They muſt beleeve, and thus my other ſelfe
Brings me another body to diſpoſe,
That have already much too much of one,
And muſt not looke for any Soule of her

To helpe to rule two bodies.

Mom. Fie for ſhame.
I never heard of ſuch an antheame.
Doe women bring no helpe of ſoule to men?
Why, friend, they eyther are mens ſoules themſelves,
Or the moſt witty imitatrixes of them;
Or prettieſt ſweet apes of humane Soules,
That ever Nature fram'd; as *I* will prove.
For firſt they be *Subſtantiæ lucidæ*,
And purer then mens bodies like their ſoules.
Which mens harſh haires both of their breſt, & chinne
Occaſioned by their groſſe, and ruder heate
Plainely demonſtrats: Then like ſoules they doe,
Movere corpora, for no power on Earth
Moves a mans body, as a woman does.
Then doe they *Dare formas corpori*,
Or adde faire formes to men, as their ſoules doe:
For but for women, who wood care for formes?
I vow *I* never wood waſh face, nor hands,
Nor care how ragg'd, or ſlovenly I went,
Wer't not for women, who of all mens pompes
Are the true finall cauſes: Then they make
Men in their Seedes immortall, like their ſoules,
That els wood periſh in a ſpanne of time.
Oh I they be ſoule-like-creatures, and my Neece
The ſoule of twenty rare ſoules ſtil'd in one.

Cla. That, that it is my Lord, that makes me love.

Mom. Oh are ye come ſir, welcome to my Neece,
As I may ſay, at midnight, gentle friend,
What have you wrot I pray?

Cla. Strange ſtuffe my Lord.

Mom. Indeed the way to beleeve is to love
And the right way to love is to beleeve,
This I will carry now with pen, and incke,
For her to uſe in anſwere, ſee, ſweet friend,
She ſhall not ſtay to call, but while the ſteele
Of her affection is made ſoft, and hot,

Ile ſtrike, and take occaſion by the brow.
Bleſt is the wooing thats not long a dooing. *Exit.*

Cla. Had ever man ſo true, and noble friend?
Or wood men thinke this ſharpe worlds freezing Aire
To all true honour, and iudiciall love,
Wood ſuffer ſuch a floriſhing pyne in both
To overlooke the boxe trees of this time?
When the learn'd minde hath by impulſion wrought
Her eyes cleere fire into a knowing flame;
No elementall ſmoke can darken it,
Nor Northren coldneſſe nippe her *Daphnean* Flower,
O ſacred friendſhip thanks to thy kinde power,
That being retir'd from all the faithleſſe World,
Appear'ſt to me in my unworldly friend,
And for thine own ſake let his noble minde,
By moving preſedent to all his kinde,
(Like juſt *Deucalion*) of Earths ſtony bones
Repaire the World, with humaine bloud, and fleſh,
And dying vertue with new life refreſh. *Exit.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Tales, Kingcob, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winnifred.

King. Tis time to leave your Cheſts, Ladies, tis too ſtudious an exerciſe after Dinner.

Ta. Why is it cal'd Cheſts?

Hip. Becauſe they leane upon their Cheſts that play at it.

Tal. I wood have it cald the ſtriſe of wits, for tis a game ſo witty, that with ſtriſe for maſtery, we hunt it eagerly.

Eug. Specially where the wit of the *Gooſe-cappes* are in chaſe my Lord.

Tal. I am a *Gooſe-cappe* by the mothers ſide, Madam,

at

at leaſt my mother was a *Gooſe-cappe*.

Pene. And you were her white ſonne, I warrant my Lord.

Tal. I was the youngeſt, Lady, and therefore muſt bee her white ſonne, yee know, the youngeſt of ten I was.

Hip. And the wiſeſt of Fifteene.

Tal. And ſweet Lady will yee caſt a kinde eye now upon my Coſin, Sir *Gyles Gooſe-cappe*.

Pene. Pardon my Lord, I have never a ſpare eye to caſt away I aſſure ye.

Tal. I wonder you ſhood count it caſt away, Lady, upon him, doe you remember thoſe few of his good parts I rehearſt to you?

Pene. Very perfectly my Lord, amongſt which one of them was, that he is the beſt Sempſter of any woman in England, pray lets ſee ſome of his worke?

Hip. Sweet Lord lets ſee him ſowe a little.

Tal. You ſhall, a mine honour, Lady.

Eug. Hees a goodly great Knight indeed, and a little needle in his hand will become him prettely.

King. From the *Spaniſh* Pike to the *Spaniſh* Needle, he ſhall play with any Knight in England Lady.

Eug. But not *è converſo*, from the *Spaniſh* needle to the *Spaniſh* Pike.

King. I thinke he be too wiſe for that indeed Madam. for he has 20. Miles length in land lies together, and he wood bee loath to bring it all to the length of a Pike.

Hip. But no man commends my blunt Servant ſir *Cut. Rudesby* methinks

King. Hee is a kinde Gentleman, Lady, though he be blunt, and is of this humour, the more you preſume upon him without Ceremonie, the more hee loves you, if he know you thinke him kinde once, and will ſay nothing but ſtill uſe him, you may melt him into any kindneſſe you will; he is right like a wo-

man, and had rather, you ſhood bluntlie take the greateſt favour you can of him, then ſhamefaſtly intreat it.

Eug. He ſaies well to you *Hippolyta.*

Hip. I Madam, but they ſay, he will beate one in jeſt, and byte in kindeneſſe, and teare ones ruffes in Courtſhip.

King. Some that he makes ſport withall perhaps, but none that he reſpects, I aſſure ye.

Hip. And what's his living ſir *Cutberd?*

King. Some two thouſand a yeere Lady.

Hip. I pray doe not tell him that I ask't, for I ſtand not upon living.

King. O good Lady, who can live without living?

Enter Momford.

Mom. Still heere Lordings? good companions yfaith, I ſee you come not for vittles.

Tal Vittles, my Lord? I hope wee have vittles at home.

Mom. I but ſweet Lord, there is a principle in the Polititians phyſicke, Eat not your meat upon other mens trenchers, & beware of ſurfets of your owne coſte: manie good companions cannot abide to eate meate at home, ye know. And how faires my noble Neece now, and her faire Lady Feeres?

Eug. What winde blowes you hether troe?

Mom. Harke you Madam, the ſweet gale of one *Clarences* breath, with this his paper ſayle blowes me hether.

Eug. Aye me ſtill, in that humour? beſhrewe my heart, if I take any Papers from him.

Mom. Kinde boſome doe thou take it then

Eug. Nay then never truſt me.

Mom. Let it fall then, or caſt it away, you were beſt that every body may diſcover your love ſuites, doe; theres

theres ſomebody neare, if you note it, and how have you ſpent the time ſince Dinner nobles?

King. At cheſts my Lord.

Mom. Read it Neece.

Eug. Here beare it backe, I pray.

Mom. I beare you on my backe to heare you; & how play the *Ladies* ſir *Cuthberd*, what men doe they play beſt withall, with Knights or rookes?

Tal. With Knights my *Lord*.

Mom. 'Tis pitty their boord is no broader, and that ſome men called guls are not added to their game.

King. Why my *Lo?* it needs not, they make the Knights guls.

Mom. That's pretty ſir *Cuthbert*; you have begon I know Neece, forth I command you.

Eug. O yare a ſweet uncle.

Mom. I have brought here a little *Greeke*, to helpe mee out withall, and ſhees ſo coy of her learning forſooth, ſhe makes it ſtrange: *Lords*, and *Ladies* I invite you all to ſupper to night, and you ſhall not deny me.

All. We will attend your *Lordſhip*.

Tal. Come *Ladies* let's into the gallery a little.

Exeunt.

Mom. And now what ſaies mine owne deere Neece yfaith?

Eug. What ſhood ſhe ſay to the backſide of a paper?

Mom. Come, come, I know you have bin a'the belly ſide.

Eug. Now was there ever *Lord* ſo prodigall of his owne honour'd bloud, and dignity?

Mom. Away with theſe ſame horſe-faire allegations; will you anſwer the letter?

Eug. Gods my life, you goe like a cunning ſpokesman, anſwer uncle; what doe you thinke me deſperate of a husband?

Mom. Not ſo Neece, but careleſſe of your poore Vncle.

Eug. I will not writ that's certaine.

Mom. What will you have my friend, and I periſh? doe you thirſt our blouds?

Eug. O yare in a mighty danger, noe doubt on't.

Mom. If you have our blouds, beware our ghoſts, I can tell ye, come will ye write?

Eug. I will not write yfaith.

Mom. yFaith dame, then I muſt be your ſecretary, I ſee, heres the letter, come, doe you dictate, and ile write.

Eug. If you write no otherwiſe then I dictate, it will ſcarce prove a kinde anſwer, I beleeve.

Mom. But you will be adviſd, I truſt. Secretaries are of counſell with their Counteſſes, thus it begins. Suffer him to love, that ſuffers not loving, what anſwere you to that?

Eug. He loves extreamely that ſuffers not in love.

Mom. He anſwers you for that preſently, his love is without paſſion, and therefore free from alteration, for *Pati* you know is *in alterationem labi*; he loves you in his ſoule, he tels you, wherein there is no paſſion, ſaie dame what anſwer you?

Eug. Nay if I anſwere any thing.

Mom. Why? very well, ile anſwere for you.

Eug. You anſwere? ſhall I ſet my hand to your anſwere?

Mom. I by my faith ſhall ye.

Eug. By my faith, but you ſhall anſwere as I wood have you then.

Mom. Alwaies put in with advice of your ſecretary, Neece, come, what anſwere you?

Eug. Since you needes will have my Anſwere, Ile anſwere briefely to the firſt, and laſt part of his letter.

Mom.

Mom. Doe ſo Neece, and leave the midſt for himſelfe a gods name: what is your anſweare?

Eug. I cannot but ſuffer you to love, if you doe love.

Mom. Why very good, there it is, and will requite your love; ſay you ſo? *He writes, ſhe dictates.*

Eug. Beſhrow my lipps then my Lord.

Mom. Beſhrow my ſingers but you ſhall; what you may promiſe to requite his love, and yet not promiſe him marriage, I hope; well, and will requite your love.

Eug. Nay good my Lord, hold your hand, for ile be ſworne, ile not ſet my hand too't.

Mom. Well hold off your hand good Madam, till it ſhood come on, Ile be ready for it anon, I warrent ye: now forth; my love is without paſſion, and therefore free from alteration, what anſwere you to that Madam?

Eug. Even this my Lord, your love being mentall, needs no bodily Requitall.

Mom. I am content with that, and here it is; but in hart.

Eug. What but in hart?

Mom. Hold off your hand yet I ſay, I doe embrace, and repay it.

Eug. You may write uncle, but if yon get my hand to it.

Mom. Alas Neece, this is nothing, iſt any thing to a bodily marriage, to ſay you love a man in ſoule, if your harts agree, and yout bodies meet not? ſimple marriage rites, now let us foorth: he is in the way to felicity, and deſires your hand.

Eng. My hand ſhall alwaies ſigne the way to felicity.

Mom. Very good, may not any woman ſay this now. Conclude now ſweet Neece.

Eng. And ſo God proſper your journey.

Mom. Charitably concluded, though farre ſhort of that love I wood have ſhowen to any friend of yours,

Neece

Neece, I ſweare to you, your hand now, and let this little ſtay his appetite.

Eug. Read what you have writ my Lord.

Mom. What needs that Madam? you remember it, I am ſure.

Eug. Well if it want ſenſe in the Compoſition, let my ſecretary be blam'd for't, thers my hand.

Mom. Thanks gentle Neece, now ile reade it.

Eug. Why now, more then before I pray?

Mom. That you ſhall ſee ſtraite, I cannot but ſuffer you to love if you doe love, and will requite your love.

Eug. Remember that requitall was of your owne putting in, but it ſhall be after my faſhion, I warrant ye.

Mom. Interrupt me no more, your love being mentall needs no bodily requitall, but in hart I embrace, and repay it; my hand ſhall alwaies ſigne the way to felicity, and my ſelfe knit with you in the bands of marriage ever walke with you, in it, and ſo God proſper our journey:

Eugenia.

Eug. Gods me life, tis not thus I hope.

Mom. By my life but it is Neece.

Eug. By my life but tis none of my deed then.

Mom. Doe you uſe to ſet your hand to that, which is not your deed, your hand is at it Neece, and if there be any law in England, you ſhall performe it too.

Eug. Why? this is plaine diſhonoured deceit.
Does all your trueſt kindnes end in law?

Mom. Have patience Neece, for what ſo ere I ſay,
Onely the lawes of faith, and thy free love
Shall joyne my friend, and thee, or naught at all,
By my friends love, and by this kiſſe it ſhall.

Eug. Why, thus did falſe *Acontius* ſnare *Cydippe*.

Mom. Indeed deere love his wife was ſomething like,
And then tis no unheard-of treachery,
That was enacted in a goddeſſe Eye:
Acontius worthy love feard not *Diana*

Before

Before whom he contriv'd this ſweet deceite.
Eug. Well there you have my hand, but ile beſworne
I never did thing ſo againſt my will.
Mom. T'will prove the better Madam, doubt it not.
And to allay the billows of your bloud,
Raiſ'd with my motion bold, and oppoſite,
Deere Neece ſuppe with me, and refreſh your ſpirites:
I have invited your companions,
With the two gueſts that din'd with you to day,
And will ſend for the old Lord *Furnifall*,
The Captaine, and his mates, and (tho at night)
We will be merry as the morning *Larke*.
Eug. No, no my Lord, you will have *Clarence* there.
Mom. Alas poore Gentleman, I muſt tell you now,
He's extreame ſicke, and was ſo when he writ,
Tho he did charge me not to tell you ſo;
And for the World he cannot come abroad.
Eug. Is this the man that without paſſion loves?
Mom. I doe not tell you he is ſicke with love;
Or if he be, tis wilfull paſſion.
Which he doth chooſe to ſuffer for your ſake,
And cood reſtraine his ſufferance with a thought,
Vpon my life, he will not trouble you;
And therefore, worthy Neece, faile not to come.
Eug. I will on that condition.
Mom. Tis perform'd: for were my friend well, and cood comfort me; I wood not now intreate your company, but one of you I muſt have, or I die, oh ſuch a friend is worth a monarchy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Furnifall. Rudsby. Gooſe-cappe. Foulweather. Bullaker.

Fur. Nay my gallants I will tell you more.
All. Forth good my Lord.
Fur. The evening came, and then our waxen ſtarres
Sparkled about the heavenly Court of *France*.
When I then young, and radiant as the ſunne

Gave luſter to thoſe lamps, and curling thus
My golden foretope ſtept into the preſence;
Where ſet with other princely Dames I found
The Counteſſe of *Lancaſter*, and her neece,
Who as I told you caſt ſo fix'd an eye
On my behaviours talking with the King.

All. True my good Lord.

Fur. They roſe when I came in, and all the lights
Burn'd dim for ſhame, when I ſtood up, and ſhin'd.

Foul. O moſt paſſionate deſcription ſir *Cut.*

Rud. True of a candles end.

Goos. The paſſingit deſcription of a candle, that ever lived ſir *Cut.*

Fur. Yet aym'd I not at them, nor ſeem'd to note
What grace they did me, but found courtly cauſe
To talke with an accompliſht gentleman
Newcome from *Italy*, in queſt of newes
I ſpake *Italian* with him.

Rud. What ſo young?

Fur. O rariſſime volte cadono nel parlar noſtro familiare.

Foul. Slid a good ſpeake it, Knight, at three yeeres old.

Fur. Nay, gentle Captaine, doe not ſet me forth;
I love it not, in truth I love it not.

Foul. Slight, my Lo but truth is truth, you know.

Goos. I dare enſure your Lordſhip. Truth is truth, and I have heard in *France*, they ſpeake *French* as well, as their mother tongue, my Lo.

Fur. Why tis their mother tongue, my noble Knight.
But (as I tell you) I ſeem'd not to note
The Ladies notes of me, but held my talke,
With that Italionate Frenchman, and tooke time
(Still as our conference ſerv'd) to ſhew my Courtſhip
In the three quarter legge, and ſetled looke,
The quicke kiſſe of the top of the forefinger,
And other ſuch exployts of good Accoſt;
All which the Ladies tooke into their eyes
With ſuch attention, that their favours ſwarm'd

About

About my boſome, in my hart, mine eares,
In skarffes about my thighes, upon mine armes
Thicke on my wriſtes, and thicker on my hands,
And ſtill the leſſe I ſought, the more I found.
All this I tell to this notorious end,
That you may uſe your Courtſhip with leſſe care
To your coy miſtreſſes; As when we ſtrike
A goodly Sammon, with a little line,
We doe not tugge to hale her up by force,
For then our line wood breake, and our hooke loſt;
But let her careleſſe play alongſt the ſtreame,
As you had loſt her, and ſheele drowne her ſelfe.

Foul. A my life a moſt rich compariſon.

Gooſ. Never ſtirre, if it be not a richer Capariſon, then my Lo. my Coſin wore at Tilt, for that was brodred with nothing but moone-ſhine it'h the water, and this has Sammons in't; by heaven a moſt edible Capariſon.

Rn. Odious thou woodſt ſay, for cõpariſons are odious.

Foul. So they are indeed ſir *Cut.* all but my Lords.

Gooſ. Be Capariſons odious ſir *Cut*? what like flowers?

Rud. O aſſe they be odorous.

Gooſ. A botts athat ſtincking word odorous, I can never hitt on't.

Fur. And how like you my Court-counſell gallants, ha?

Foul. Out of all proportion excellent, my Lord; & beleeve it for Emphaticall Courtſhip, your Lordſhip puts downe all the Lords of the Court.

Fur. No good Captaine no.

Foul. By *France* you doe, my Lord, for Emphaticall Courtſhip.

Fur. For Emphaticall Courtſhip indeed I can doe ſomewhat.

Foul. Then does your merry entertainment become you ſo feſtifally, that you have all the bravery of a Saint *Georges* Day about ye, when you uſe it.

Fur. Nay thats too much, in ſadneſſe, Captaine.

Gooſ. O good my Lo. let him prayſe you, what ſo ere

it coſts your *Lord*ſhip.

Foul. I aſſure your *Lord*ſhip, your merry behaviour does ſo feſtifally ſhow upon you, that every high holliday, when *Ladies* wood be moſt beautifull; every one wiſhes to God ſhe were turnd into ſuch a little *Lord* as you, when y'are merry.

Gooſ. By this fire they doe my Lord, I have heard am.

Fur. Marry God forbid, Knight, they ſhood be turnd into me; I had rather be turnd into them, am'ne honour.

Foul. Then for your Lordſhips quips, & quicke jeſts, why *Geſta Romanorum* were nothing to them, a my vertue.

Fur. Well, well, well, I will heare thee no more, I will heare thee no more, good Captaine, Tha's an excellent wit, and thou ſhalt have Crownes, amine honour, and now Knights, and Captaine, the foole you told me of, do you all know him?

Gooſ. I know him beſt my *Lord*.

Fur. Doe you ſir *Gyles*, to him then good Knight, and be here with him, and here, and here, and here againe; I meane paint him unto us ſir *Gyles*, paint him liv'ly, lively now, my good Knightly boy.

Gooſ. Why my good Lord? he will nere be long from us, becauſe we are all mortall you know.

Fur. Very true.

Gooſ. And as ſoone as ever we goe to Dinner, and Supper together.

Rud. Dinner and ſupper together, whens that troe?

Gooſ. A welcome you in amongſt us, with his Cloake buttond, looſe under his chinne

Rud. Buttond looſe, my Lord?

Gooſ I my *Lord*, buttond looſe ſtill, and both the flaps caſt over before, both his ſhoulders afore him.

Rud. Both ſhoulders afore him?

Fur. From before him he meanes; forth good ſir *Gyles*.

Gooſ. Like a potentate, my Lord?

Rud. Much like a Potentate indeed.

Gooſ. For all the world like a Potentate, S. *Cut.* ye know.

Rud.

Rud. So Sir.

Goos. All his beard nothing but haire.

Cud. Or ſomething elſe.

Goos. Or ſomething elſe as you ſay.

Foul. Excellent good.

Goos. His Mellons, or his Apricocks, Orrenges alwaies in an uncleane hand-kerchiefe, very cleanely, I warrant you, my *Lord*.

Fur. A good neate foole, ſir *Gyles*, of mine honour.

Gooſe. Then his fine words that he ſets them in, concaticall, a fine Anniſeede wench foole upon ticket, and ſo forth.

Fur. Paſſing ſtrange words beleeve me.

Goos. Knoth every man at the table, though he never ſaw him before, by ſight, and then will he foole you ſo finely my *Lord*, that he will make your hart ake, till your eyes runne over.

Fur. The beſt that ever I heard, gray mercy good Knight for thy merry deſcription. Captaine, I give thee twenty companies of commendations, never to be caſhierd.

Enter Iacke, and Will on the other ſide.

Am. Save your *Lord*ſhip.

Fur. My pretty caſt-of *Merlins*, what prophecies with your little maſterſhips?

Ia. Things that cannot come to paſſe my Lord, the worſe our fortunes.

Foul. Why, whats the matter Pages?

Rud. How now my *Ladies* foyſting hounds.

Gro. M *Iacke*, M *Ia.* how do ye M *Williams* frolicke?

Wil. Not ſo frolicke, as you left us, ſir *Gyles*.

Fur. Why wags, what news bring you a Gods name?

Ia. Heavy newes indeed my *Lord*, pray pardon us.

Fur. Heavy newes? not poſſible your little bodies coud bring am then, unload thoſe your heavy newes, I beſeech ye?

Wil. Why my *Lord* the foole we tooke for your Lo. is thought too wiſe for you, and we dare not preſent him.

Gooſ. Slydd Pages, youle not cheates of our foole ? will ye?

Ia. Why ſir *Gyles*? hees too dogged, and bitter for you in truth ; we ſhall bring you a foole to make you laugh, and he ſhall make all the World laugh at us.

Wil. I indeed, ſir *Gyles*, and he knowes you ſo well too.

Gyles Know me ? ſlight he knowes me no more then the begger knowes his diſh.

Ia. Faith he begs you to be content ſir *Gyles*, for he wil not come.

Gooſ. Beg me ? ſlight I wood I had knowne that, tother Day, I thought I had met him in Paules, and he had bin any body elſe but a Piller, I wood have runne him through by heaven: beg me ?

Foul. He begges you to be content, ſir *Gyles*, that is, he praies you.

Gooſ. O does he praiſe me then I commend him.

Fur. Let this unſutable foole goe ſir *Gyles*, we will make ſhift without him.

Gooſ. That we will, a my word, my Lord, and have him too for all this.

Wil. Doe not you ſay ſo, ſir *Gyles*, for to tell you true that foole is dead.

Gooſ. Dead ? ſlight that can not be man, I know he wood ha writ to me ant had bin ſo.

Fur. Quicke or dead, let him goe, ſir *Gyles*.

Ia. I my Lord, for we have better newes for you to harken after.

Fur. What are they my good Novations ?

Ia. My Lord *Momford* intreates your Lordſhip, and theſe Knights, & Captaine to accompany the Counteſſe *Eugenia*, and the other two Ladies, at his houſe at ſupper to night.

Wil. All deſiring your Lo. to pardon them, for not eating your meat to night.

Fur. What hall my hart wagges and thers amends ; my harts, now ſet your Courtſhip a'the laſt, a the tainters, and pricke up your ſelves for the Ladies.

Gooſ.

Gooſ. O brave ſir *Cut.* come lets pricke up the Ladies,

Fur. And will not the Knights two noble kinſemen be there ?

Ia. Both will be there, my Lord.

Fur. VVhy theres the whole knot of us then, and there ſhall we knocke up the whole triplicity of your nuptials.

Gooſ. Ile make my Lord my Coſin ſpeake for me.

Foul. And your Lordſhip will be for me I hope.

Fur. VVith tooth, and naile Captaine, A my Lordſhip.

Rud. Hang am Tytts, ile pommell my ſelfe into am.

Ia. Your Lo. your Coſin ſir *Gyles* has promiſt the Ladies they ſhall ſee you ſowe.

Gooſ. Cods me, wood I might never be mortall, if I doe not carry my worke with me.

Fur. Doe ſo ſir *Gyles*, and withall uſe meanes
To taint their high blouds with the ſhaft of love,
Sometimes a fingers motion wounds their mindes:
A jeſt, a jeſture, or a pretty laugh:
A voyce, a preſent, ah, things done ith nicke
VVound deepe, and ſure, and let flie your gold,
And we ſhall nuptialls have hold belly hold.

Gooſ. O rare ſir *Cut.* we ſhall eate nut-ſhells. hold belly hold *Exeunt.*

Ia. O pittifull Knight, that knowes not nuptialls from nut-ſhells!

Wil. And now *Comme porte vous monſieur!*

Bul. Porte bien, vous remercy.

Ia. VVe may ſee it indeed, ſir, and you ſhall goe afore with us.

Bul. No good *monſieurs.*

Wil. Another Craſh in my Ladies Celler yfaith, *monſieur.*

Bul. Remgrcy de bon cœur monſieurs.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Clarence, Momford.

Mom. How now my friend, does not the knowing, (beames
That through thy common ſenſe glaunce through thy
To reade that letter, through thine eyes retire (eyes,
And warme thy heart with a triumphant fire?

Mom. My Lord I feele a treble happines
Mix in one ſoule, which proves how eminent
Things endleſſe are above things temporall,
That are in bodies needefully confin'd;
I cannot ſuffer their dimenſions pierc't,
Where my immortall part admits expanſure,
Even to the comprehenſion of two more
Commixt ſubſtantially with her meere ſelfe. (friend?

Mom. As how my ſtrange, and riddle-ſpeaking.

Cla. As thus, my Lord, I feele my owne minds joy,
As it is ſeparate from all other powers,
And then the mixture of an other ſoule
Ioyn'd in direction to one end, like it;
And thirdly the contentment I enjoy,
As we are joyn'd, that I ſhall worke that good
In ſuch a noble ſpirit as your Neece,
Which in my ſelfe I feele for abſolute;
Each good minde doubles his owne free content,
When in an others uſe they give it vent.

Mom. Said like my friend, and that I may not wrong
Thy full perfections with an emptier grace,
Then that which ſhow preſents to thy conceits,
In working thee a wife worſe then ſhe ſeemes;
Ile tell thee plaine a ſecret which I know.
My Neece doth uſe to paint herſelfe with white,
Whoſe cheekes are naturally mixt with redd,
Either becauſe ſhe thinks pale-lookes moves moſt:
Or of an anſwereable nice affect
To other of her modeſt qualities;
Becauſe ſhe wood not with the outward blaze
Of tempting beauty tangle wanton eies;
And ſo be troubled with their tromperies:

VVhich

Which conſtrue as thou wilt, I make it knowne,
That thy free comment may examine it,
As willinger to tell truth of my Neece,
Then in the leaſt degree to wrong my friend.
Cla. A jealous part of friendſhip you unfold;
For was it ever ſeene that any Dame
Wood change of choice a well mixt white, and red
For bloodles palenes, if ſhe ſtriv'd to move?
Her painting then is to ſhun motion,
But if ſhe mended ſome defects with it,
Breedes it more hate then other ornaments;
(Which to ſuplie bare nature) Ladies weare?
What an abſurd thing is it to ſuppoſe;
(If nature made us eyther lame or ſicke,)
VVe wood not ſeeke for ſound limmes, or for health
By Art the Rector of confuſed Nature?
So in a face, if Nature be made lame,
Then Art can make it, is it more offence
To helpe her want there then in other limmes?
VVho can give inſtance where Dames faces loſt
The priviledge their other parts may boaſt.
Mom. But our moſt Court received Poets ſaies,
That painting is pure chaſtities abator.
Cla. That was to make up a poore rime to Nature.
And farre from any judgment it confer'd
For lightnes comes from harts, and not from lookes,
And if inchaſtity poſſeſſe the hart;
Not painting doth not race it, nor being cleare
Doth painting ſpot it,
Omne bonum naturaliter pulchrum.
For outward fairenes beares the Divine forme,
And moves beholders to the Act of love;
And that which moves to love is to be wiſht,
And each thing ſimply to be wiſht is good.
So I conclude mere painting of the face
A lawfull, and a commendable grace.
Mom. VVhat paradox doſt thou defend in this?

And yet through thy cleare arguments I ſee
Thy ſpeach is farre exempt from flattery,
And how illiterate cuſtome groſly erres?
Almoſt in all traditions ſhe preferres.
Since then the doubt *I* put thee of my Neece,
Cheeks not thy doubtleſſe love, forth my deare friend,
And to all force to thoſe impreſſions,
That now have caru'd her phantaſie with love,
I have invited her to ſupper here.
And told her thou art moſt extreamly ſicke.
Which thou ſhalt counterfeit with all thy skill.

Cla. Which is exceeding ſmall to conterfeit

Mom. Practiſe a little, love will teach it thee,
And then ſhall *Doctor Verſay* the phyſitian,
Come to thee while her ſelfe is in my houſe.
Whith whom as thou confer'ſt of thy diſeaſe,
Ile bring my Neece with all the Lords, and Ladies.
Within your hearing under fain'd pretext,
To ſhew the Pictures that hang neere thy Chamber,
Where when thou hearſt my voyce, know ſhe is there.
And therefore ſpeake that which may ſtir her thoughts,
And make her flie into thy opened armes.
Ladies; whom true worth cannot move to ruth,
Trew lovers muſt deceive to ſhew their ttuth. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI SCENA PRIMA.

Enter Momford, Furnifall, Tales, Kingcob, Rudesby, Gooſe-cappe, Foulweather, Eugenia, Hippolyta, Penelope, Winnifred.

Mom. VVhere is ſir *Gyles Gooſe-cappe* here?

Gooſ. Here my Lord.

Mom. Come forward Knight t'is you that the Ladies admire at working a mine honour.

Gooſ.

Gooſ. A little at once my Lord for idleneſſe ſake.

Fur. Sir *Cut.* *I* ſay, to her Captaine.

Penel. Come good ſervant let's ſee what you worke.

Gooſ. Why looke you Miſtris, *I* am makeing a fine dry ſea, full of fiſh, playing in the bottome, and here ile let in the water ſo lively, that you ſhall heare it Rore.

Eug. Not heare it ſir *Gyles*?

Gooſ. Yes in ſooth Madam with your eyes.

Tal. I Lady; for when a thing is done ſo exceedingly to the life, as my Knightly coſen does it, the eye oftentimes takes ſo ſtrong a heede of it, that it cannot containe it alone, and therefore the eare ſeemes to take part with it.

Hip. That's a very good reaſon my Lord.

Mom. What a jeſt it is, to heare how ſeriouſly he ſtrives to make his fooliſh kinſmans anſweres wiſe ones?

Pene. VVhat ſhall this be ſervant?

Gooſ. This ſhall be a great VVhale Miſtris, at all his bigneſſe ſpouting huge Hils of ſalt-water afore him, like a little water ſquirt, but you ſhall not neede to feare him Miſtris, for he ſhalbe ſilke, and gould, he ſhall doe you noe harme, and he be neere ſo lively.

Pene. Thanke you good ſervant.

Tal. Doe not thinke Lady, but he had neede tell you this a forehand: for a mine honour, he wrought me the monſter *Cancaſus* ſo lively, that at the firſt ſight I ſtarted at it.

Mom. The monſter *Cancaſus*? my Lord, *Caucaſus* is a Mountaine; *Cacus* you meane.

Tal. *Cacus* indeede my Lord, crie you mercie.

Gooſ. Heere ile take out your eye, and you will Miſtris.

Pene. No by my faith Servant, t'is better in.

Gooſ. Why Ladie, Ile but take it out in jeſt, in earneſt.

Pene. No, ſomething elſe there good ſervant.

Gooſ. Why then here ſhall be a Camell, and he ſhall have hornes and he ſhall looke for all the VVorld like a maide without a husband.

Hip. O bitter ſir *Gyles*.

Ta. Nay he has a drie wit, Lady, I can tell ye.

Pene. He bobd me there indeed my *Lord*.

Fur. Marry him ſweet *Lady*, to anſwere his bitter bob.

King. So ſhe may anſwere him with hornes indeed.

Eug. See what a pretty worke he weares in his boote-hoſe.

Hip. Did you worke them your ſelfe ſir *Gyles*, or buy them?

Gooſ. I bought am for nothing Madam in th'exchange.

Eug. Bought am for nothing?

Tal. Indeed Madam in th'exchange they ſo honour him for his worke, that they will take nothing for any thing he buies on am, but wheres the rich night-cap you wroght coſen? if it had not bin too little for you, it was the beſt pecce of worke, that ever I ſawe.

Gooſ. Why my *Lord*, t'was bigge enough; when I wrought it, for I wore pantables then you know.

Tal. Indeed the warmer a man keepes his feete the leſſe he needs weare upon his head.

Eug. You ſpeake for your kinſman the beſt that ever I heard my Lord.

Gooſ. But I beleeve Madam, my Lord my coſen has not told you all my good parts.

Ta. I told him ſo I warrant you coſen.

Hip. VVhat doe you thinke hee left out Sir *Gyles*?

Gooſ. Marry Madam I can take *Tobacco* now, and I have bought glow-wormes to kindle it withall, better then

then all the burning glaſſes ith VVorld.

Eug. Glowe-wormes, ſir *Gyles*? will they make it burne?

Gooſ. O good Madam, I feed am with nothing but fire, a purpoſe, Ile beſworne they eat me five Faggots a-weeke in Charcoale.

Tal. Nay he has the ſtrangeſt devices, Ladies, that ever you heard, I warrent ye.

Fur. That's a ſtrange device indeed, my Lord.

Hip. But your ſowing ſir *Gyles* is a moſt gentlewoman-like quality, I aſſure you.

Pene. O farre away, for now ſervant, you neede never marry, you are both husband, and wife your ſelfe.

Gooſ. Nay indeed miſtris, I wood faine marry for all that, and ile tell you my reaſon, if you will.

Pene. Let's here it good ſervant.

Gooſ. Why, Madam, we have a great match at foot-ball towards, married men againſt batchellers, and the married men be all my friends, ſo I wood faine marry to take the married mens parts in truth.

Hip. The beſt reaſon for marriage that ever I heard ſir *Gyles*.

Gooſ. I pray will you keepe my worke a little Miſtris; I muſt needs ſtraine a little courteſie in truth.

Exit Sir Gyles.

Hip. Cods my life I thought he was a little to blame.

Rud. Come, come, you here not me Dame.

Fur. Well ſaid ſir *Cut*, to her now; we ſhall heare freſh courting.

Hip. Alas ſir *Cut*, you are not worth the hearing, every body ſaies you cannot love, howſoever you talke on't.

Rud. Not love Dame? ſlidd what argument woodſt have of my love tro? let me looke as redde as Scarlet a fore I ſee thee, and when thou comſt in ſight if the ſunne of thy beauty, doe not white me like a ſhippards holland, I am a *Iewe* to my Creatour.

Hip. O excellent !

Rud. Let me burſt like a Tode, if a frowne of thy browe has not turned the very heart in my belly, and made me ready to be hangd by the heeles for a fortnight to bring it to the right againe.

Hip. You ſhood have hangd longer ſir *Cut* : tis not right yet.

Rud. Zonnes, bid me cut off the beſt lymme of my body for thy love, and ile laït in thy hand to prove it, dooſt thinke *I* am no Chriſtian, have *I* not a ſoule to ſave ?

Hip. Yes tis to ſave yet *I* warrant it, and wilbe while tis a ſoule if you uſe this.

Fur. Excellent Courtſhip of all hands, only my Captaines Courtſhip, is not heard yet, good Madam give him favour to court you with his voyce.

Eug. VVhat ſhood he Court me with all elſe my Lord?

Mom. VVhy, *I* hope Madam there be other things to Court Ladies withall beſides voyces.

Fur. I meane with an audible ſweete ſong Madam.

Eug. VVith all my heart my Lord, if *I* ſhall be ſo much indebted to him.

Foul. Nay *I* will be indebted to your eares Lady for hearing me ſound muſicke.

Fur. VVell done Captaine, prove as it will now.

Enter Meſſenger.

Me. My Lord, *Doctor Verſay* the Phyſitian is come to ſee maſter *Clarence*.

Mom. Light, and attend him to him preſently.

Fur. To Maſter *Clarence ?* what is your friend ſicke?

Mom. Exceeding ſicke.

Tal. I am exceeding ſorry.

King. Never was ſorrow worthier beſtowed,
Then for the ill ſtate of ſo good a man

Pene. Alas poore Gentleman ; good my Lord lets ſee him.

Mom. Thankes gentle Lady, but my friend is loth

To

To trouble Ladies ſince he cannot quit them.
VVith any thing he hath that they reſpect.
Hip. Reſpect my Lord; *I* wood hold ſuch a man
In more reſpect then any Emperour:
For he cood make me Empreſſe of my ſelfe
And in mine owne rule comprehend the VVorld.
Mom. How now young Dame? what ſodainly inſpird?
This ſpeech hath ſilver haires, and reverence askes,
And ſooner ſhall have duty done of me,
Then any pompe in temporall Empery.
Hip. Good Madam get my Lord to let us greet him.
Eug. Alas we ſhall but wrong, and trouble him.
His contemplations greet him with moſt welcome.
Fur. I never knew a man of ſo ſweet a temper,
So ſoft, and humble, of ſo high a Spirit.
Mom. Alas my noble Lord he is not rich,
Nor titles hath, nor in his tender cheekes
The ſtanding lake of *Impudence* corrupts,
Hath nought in all the VVorld, nor nought wood have,
To grace him in the proſtituted light.
But if a man wood conſort with a ſoule
VVhere all mans Sea of gall, and bitternes
Is quite evaporate with her holy flames,
And in whoſe powers a Dove-like innocence
Foſters her own deſerts, and life, and death,
Runnes hand in hand before them: All the Skies
Cleere, and tranſparent to her piercing eyes,
Then wood my friend be ſomething, but till then
A *Cipher*, nothing, or the worſt of men.
Foul. Sweet Lord lets goe viſit him.

Enter Gooſe-cappe.

Gooſ. Pray good my Lord, what's that you talke on?
Mom. Are you come from your neceſſary buſines Sir *Gyles*? we talke of the viſiting of my ſicke friend *Clarence*.
Gooſ. O good my Lord lets viſite him, cauſe I know his brother.
Hip. Know his brother, nay then Count doe

not

not deny him.

Goos. Pray my Lord whether was eldeſt, he or his elder brother?

Mom. O! the younger brother eldeſt, while you live ſir *Gyles*.

Goos. I ſay ſo ſtill my Lord, but *I* am ſo borne downe with truth, as never any Knight ith world was *I* thinke.

Ta. A man would thinke he ſpeakes ſimply now; but indeed it is in the will of the parents, to make which child they will youngeſt, or eldeſt: For often we ſee the youngeſt inherite, wherein he is eldeſt.

Eug. Your logicall wit my Lord is able to make any thing good.

Mom. VVell come ſweet Lords, & Ladies, let us ſpend
The time till ſupper-time with ſome ſuch ſights,
As my poore houſe is furniſhed withall,
Pictures, and jewels; of which implements,
It may be I have ſome will pleaſe you much.

Goos. Sweet Lord lets ſee them. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, and Doctor.

Do. I thinke your diſeaſe ſir, be rather of the minde then the body.

Cla. Be there diſeaſes of the minde *Doctor?*

Do. No queſtion ſir, even as there be of the body.

Cla. And cures for them too?

Do. And cures for them too, but not by Phyſicke.

Cla. You will have their diſeaſes, griefes? will you not?

Do. Yes, oftentimes.

Cla. And doe not griefes ever riſe out of paſſions?

Do. Evermore.

Cla. And doe not paſſions proceed from corporall diſtempers?

Do. Not the paſſions of the minde, for the minde many times is ſicke, when the body is healthfull.

Cla. But is not the mindes-ſicknes of power to make the body ſicke?

Do. In time, certaine.

Cla.

Cla. And the bodies ill affections able to infect the minde?

Do. No question.

Cla. Then if there be such a naturall commeree of Powers betwixt them, that the ill estate of the one offends the other, why shood not the medicines for one cure the other?

Do. Yet it will not you see. *Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.*

Cla. Nay then *Doctor*, since you cannot make any reasonable Connexion of these two contrarieties the minde, and the body, making both subiect to passion, wherein you confound the substances of both, I must tell you there is no disease of the minde but one, and that is *Ignorance.*

Do. Why what is love? is not that a disease of the minde?

Cla. Nothing so: for it springs naturally out of the bloud, nor are we subject to any disease, or sorrow, whose causes or effects simply, and natively concerne the body, that the minde by any meanes partaketh, nor are there any passions in the soule, for where there are no affections, there are no passions: And *Affectus* your Master *Galen* refers *parti irascenti*, For *illic est anima sentiens ubi sunt affectus*: Therefore the Rationall Soule cannot be there also.

Do. But you know we use to say, my minde gives me this or that, even in those addictions that concerne the body.

Cla. We use to say so indeed, and from that use comes the abuse of all knowledge, and her practice, for when the object in question only concerns the state of the body; why shood the soule be sorry or glad for it? if she willingly mixe her selfe, then she is a foole, if of necessity, and against her will, A slave, and so, far from that wisdome, and freedome that the Empresse of Reason, and an eternall Substance shood comprehend.

Do. Divinely spoken Sir, but very Paradoxically.

Enter Momford, Tales, Kingcob, Furnifull, Rudeſby, Gooſ. Foul. Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta, Winnifred.

Mom. VVho's there ?

I, my Lord.

Mom. Bring hether the Key of the gallery, me thought I heard the Doctor, and my friend.

Fur. I did ſo ſure.

Mom. Peace then a while my Lord
We will be bold to eveſdroppe ; For I know
My friend is as reſpective in his Chamber
And by himſelfe, of any thing he does
As in a *Criticke Synods* curious eyes
Following therein *Pythagoras* golden rule.
Maximè omnium teipſum reverere.

Cla. Know you the Counteſſe *Eugenia* ſir?

Do. Exceeding well ſir, ſhe's a good learned ſcholler.

Cla. Then I perceive you know her well indeed.

Do. Me thinks you two ſhood uſe much conference.

Cla. Alas ſir, we doe very ſeldome meet,
For her eſtate, and mine are ſo unequall,
And then her knowledge paſſeth mine ſo farre,
That I hold much too ſacred a reſpect,
of hir high vertues to let mine attend them.

De. Pardon me Sir, this humblenes cannot flow
Out of your judgment but from paſſion.

Cla. Indeed *I* doe account that paſſion,
The very high perfection of my minde,
That is excited by her excellence,
And therefore willingly, and gladly feele it.
For what was ſpoken of the moſt chaſt Queene
Of rich *Paſiaca* may be ſaid of her.
Moribus Antevenit ſortem virtibus Annos,
Sexum animo, morum Nobilitate Genus.

Do. A moſt excellent *Diſticke.*

Mom Come Lords away, lets not preſume too much
Of a good nature, not for all *I* have
VVood *I* have him take knowledge of the wrong

I rudely offer him: come then ile ſhew
A few rare jewels to your honour'd eyes;
And then preſent you with a common ſupper.

Gooſ. Iewells my Lord, why is not this candleſticke one of your jewells pray?

Mom. Yes marry is it, ſir *Gyles*, if you will.

Gooſ. Tis a moſt fine candleſticke in truth, it wants nothing but the languages.

Pene. The languages ſervant, why the languages?

Gooſ. Why Miſtris; there was a Iattin candleſticke here afore, and that had the languages I am ſure.

Tal. I thought he had a reaſon for it Lady.

Pene. I, and a reaſon of the Sunne too my Lord, for his father wood have bin aſhamed on't. *Exeunt.*

Do. Well maſter *Clarence* I perceive your minde
Hath ſo incorparate it ſelfe with fleſh
And therein rarified that fleſh to ſpirit,
That you have need of no Phyſituans helpe.
But good Sir even for holy vertues health
And grace of perfect knowledge, doe not make
Thoſe ground-workes of eternity, you lay
Meanes to your ruine, and ſhort being here:
For the too ſtrict, and rationall Courſe you hold
Will eate your body up; and then the World,
Or that ſmall poynt of it, where vertue lives
Will ſuffer Diminution: It is now
Brought almoſt to a ſimple unity.
Which is (as you well know) *Simplicior puncto.*
And if that point faile once, why, then alas
The unity muſt onely be ſuppoſ'd.
Let it not faile then, moſt men elſe have ſold it;
Tho you neglect your ſelfe, uphold it,
So with my reverend love I leave you ſir. *Exit.*

Cla. Thanks worthy Doctour, I do amply quite you
I prop poore vertue, that am propt my ſelfe,
And only by one friend in all the World,
For vertues onely ſake I uſe this wile,

Which otherwiſe I wood deſpiſe, and ſcorne,
The World ſhould ſinke, and all the pompe ſhe hugs
Cloſe in her hart, in her ambitious gripe,
Ere I ſuſtaine it, if this ſlendreſt joynt
Mou'd with the worth that worldlings love ſo well
Had power to ſave it from the throate of hell.
He drawes the Curtaines, and ſits within them.

Enter; Eugenia, Penelope, Hippolyta.

Eug. Come on faire Ladies I muſt make you both
Familiar witneſſes of the moſt ſtrange part
And full of impudence, that ere I plaide.
Hip. What's that good Madam?
Eug. I that have bene ſo more then maiden-nice
To my deere Lord, and uncle not to yeeld
By his importunate ſuite to his friends love
In looke, or almoſt thought; will of my ſelfe
Farre paſt his expectation or his hope
In action, and in perſon greete his friend,
And comfort the poore gentlemans ſicke ſtate.
Pene. Is this a part of ſo much impudence?
Eug. No but I feare me it will ſtretch to more.
Hip. Marry Madam the more the merrier.
Eug. Marry Madam? what ſhood I marry him?
Hip. You take the word me thinkes as tho you would,
And if there be a thought of ſuch kind heate
In your cold boſome, wood to god my breath
Might blow it to the flame of your kind hart.
Eug. Cods pretious Lady, know ye what you ſay,
Reſpect you what I am, and what he is,
What the whole world wood ſay, & what great Lords
I have refuſed, and might as yet embrace,
And ſpeake you like a friend, to wiſh me him?
Hip. Madam I caſt all this, and know your choyſe
Can caſt it quite out of the chriſtall dores
Of your judiciall eyes: I am but young,
And be it ſaid without all pride I take,

To

To be a maid, I am one, and indeed
Yet in my mothers wombe to all the wiles
Weend in the loomes of greatnes, and of ſtate:
And yet even by that little I have learn'd
Out of continuall conference with you,
I have cride harueſt home of thus much judgment
In my greene ſowing time, that *I* cood place
The conſtant ſweetnes of good *Clarence* minde,
Fild with his inward wealth, and nobleneſs;
(Looke Madam here,) when others outward traſh
Shood be contented to come under here.

Pene. And ſo ſay *I* upon my maidenhead.

Eug. Tis well ſaid Ladies, thus we differ then,
I to the truth-wiſe, you to worldly men:
And now ſweet dames obſerue an excellent jeſt
(at leaſt in my poore jeſting.) Th'Erle my vncle
Will miſſe me ſtraite, and *I* know his cloſe drift
Is to make me, and his friend *Clarence* meete
By ſome device or other he hath plotted.
Now when he ſeekes us round about his houſe
And cannot find us, for we may be ſure
He will not ſeeke me in his ſicke friends Chamber,
(*I* have at all times made his love ſo ſtrange,)
He ſtraight will thinke, *I* went away diſpleaſ'd,
Or hartely careles of his hartieſt ſuite.
And then *I* know there is no griefe on Earth
Will touch his hart ſo much, which *I* will ſuffer
To quite his late good pleaſure wrought on me,
For ile be ſworne in motion, and progreſſe
Of his friends ſuite, *I* never in my life
Wraſtled ſo much with paſſion or was mov'd
To take his firme love in ſuch jealouſe part.

Hip. This is moſt excellent Madam, and will prove
A neecelike, and a noble friends Revenge.

Eug. Bould in a good cauſe, then lets greet his friend,
VVhere is this ſickely gentleman at his booke?
Now in good truth I wood theis bookes were burnd

That

That rapp men from their friends before their time,
How does my uncles friend, no other name
I need give him, to whom I give my ſelfe.
Cla. O Madam let me riſe that I may kneele,
And pay ſome duty, to your ſoveraigne grace.
Hip. Good *Clarence* doe not worke your ſelfe diſeaſe
My Lady comes to eaſe, and comfort you.
Pene. And we are handmaides to her to that end.
Cla. Ladies my hart will breake, if it be held
Within the verge of this preſumptuous chaire.
Eug. Why, *Clarence* is your judgement bent to ſhow
A common lovers paſſion? let the World,
That lives without a hart, and is but ſhowe,
ſtand on her empty, and impoiſoned formе,
I know thy kindeneſſe, and have ſeene thy hart,
Cleſt in my uncles free, and friendly lippes
And I am only now to ſpeake, and act,
The rit'es due to thy love: oh I cood weepe.
A bitter ſhowre of teares for thy ſicke ſtate,
I cood give paſſion all her blackeſt rites.
And make a thouſand vowes to thy deſerts,
But theſe are common, knowledge is the boud,
The ſeale, and crowne of our united mindes.
And that is rare, and conſtant, and for that,
To my late written hand I give thee this.
See heaven, the ſoule thou gau'ſt is in this hand.
This is the Knot of our eternity,
Which fortune, death, nor hell, ſhall ever looſe.

Enter Bullaker. Iacke. Will.

Ia. VVhat an unmannerly tricke is this of thy Counteſſe, to give the noble count her uncle the ſlippe thus?

Wil. Vnmannerlie, you villaynes? O that *I* were worthy to weare a Dagger to any purpoſe for thy ſake?

Bul. VVhy young Gentlemen, utter your anger with your fiſts.

Wil.

Wil That cannot be man, for all fists are shut you know, and utter nothing, and besides I doe not thinke my quarrell just for my Ladies protection in this cause, for I protest she does most abhominablie miscarry her selfe.

Ia. Protest you sawsie Iacke you, I shood doe my country, and Court-ship good service to beare thy coalts teeth out of thy head, for suffering such a reverend word to passe their guarde; why, the oldest Courtier in the World man, can doe noe more then protest.

Bul. Indeede Page if you were in *France*, you wood be broken upon a wheele for it, there is not the best *Dukes* sonne in *France* dares say I protest, till he be one, and thirty yeeres old at least, for the inheritance of that word is not to be possest before.

Wil. VVell, I am sorry for my presumtion then, but more sory for my Ladies, marry most sorry for thee good Lord *Momford*, that will make us most of all sory for our selves, if we doe not finde her out.

Ia. Why alas what shood we doe? all the starres of our heaven see, we seeke her as fast as we can if she be crept into a rush we will seeke her out or burne her.

Enter Momford.

Mom. Villaines where are your Ladies, seeke them
Out; hence, home ye monsters, and still keepe you there
Where levity keepes in her inconstant Spheare, *Exeunt*
Away you pretious villaines, what a plague,
Of varried tortures is a womans hart?
How like a peacockes taile with different lightes,
They differ from themselves; the very ayre
Alter the aspen humors of their blouds.

Now

Now excellent good, now ſuperexcellent bad.
Some excellent good, ſome? but one of all:
Wood any ignorant babie ſerue her friend,
Such an uncivill part? Sblood what is learning?
An artificiall cobwebbe to catch *flies*,
And nouriſh *Spiders*? good ſhe cut my throate,
With her departure, I had bin her ealfe,
And made a diſh at ſupper for my gueſts
Of her kinde charge, I am beholding to her,
Puffe, is there not a feather in this ayre
A man my challenge for her? what? a feather?
So eaſie to be ſeene; ſo apt to trace;
In the weake flight of her unconſtant wings?
A mote man at the moſt, that with the Sunne,
Is onely ſeene, yet with his radiant eye,
We cannot ſingle ſo from other motes,
To ſay this mote is ſhe, paſſion of death,
She wrongs me paſt a death, come, come my friend
Is mine, ſhe not her owne, and theres an end.

Eug. Come uncle ſhall we goe to ſupper now?

Mom. Zounes to ſupper? what a dorr is this?

Eug. Alas what ailes my uncle? Ladies ſee.

Hip. Is not your Lordſhip well?

Pene. Good ſpeake my Lord.

Mom. A ſweete plague on you all, ye witty rogues have you no pitty in your villanous jeſts, but runne a man quite from his fifteene witts?

Hip. Will not your Lordſhip ſee your friend, and Neece.

Mom. Wood I might ſinke if I ſhame not to ſee her
Tuſh t'was a paſſion of pure jealouſie,
Ile now make her now a mends with Adoration.
Goddeſſe of learning, and of conſtancy,
Of friendſhip, and every other vertue.

Eug. Come, come you have abuſ'de me now, I know,
And now you plaiſter me with flatteries.

Pene. My Lord the contract is knit faſt betwixt them

Mom.

Mom. Now all heavens quire of Angels ſing Amen,
And bleſſe theis true borne nuptials with their bleſſe,
And Neece tho you have coſind me in this,
Ile uncle you yet in an other thing,
And quite deceive your expectation.
For where you thinke you have contracted harts
With a poore gentleman, he is ſole heire
To all my Earledome, which to you, and yours
I freely, and for ever here bequeath;
Call forth the Lords, ſweet Ladies let them ſee
This ſodaine, and moſt welcome Novelty;
But cry you mercy Neece, perhaps your modeſty
Will not have them partake this ſodaine match.
Eug. O uncle thinke yoū ſo, I hope I made
My choyce with too much judgment to take ſhame
Of any forme I ſhall performe it with.
Mom. Said like my Neece, and worthy of my friend.

Enter Furnifall, Tal. King. Gooſ. Rud. Foul. Ia. Will, Bullaker.

Mom. My Lords, take witnes of an abſolute wonder,
A marriage made for vertue, onely vertue,
My friend, and my deere Neece are man, and wife.
Fur. A wonder of mine honour, and withall
A worthy precedent for all the World;
Heaven bleſſe you for it Lady, and your choyce.
Ambo Thankes my good Lord.
Ta. An Accident that will make policy bluſh,
And all the Complements of wealth, and ſtate,
In the ſucceſſull, and unnumbred Race
That ſhall flow from it, fild with fame, and grace.
Ki. So may it ſpeed deere Counteſſe, worthy *Clarence*.
Ambo Thankes good ſir *Cuthberd*.
Fur. Captaine be not diſmaide, Ile marry thee,
For while we live, thou ſhalt my conſort be.
Foul. By *France* my Lord, I am not griev'd a whit,
Since *Clarence* hath her; he hath bin in *France*,
And therefore merits her if ſhe were better.

Mom. Then Knights ile knit your happy nuptiall knots
I know the Ladies minds better then you ;
Tho my rare Neece hath choſe for vertue only,
Yet ſome more wiſe then ſome, they chuſe for both
Vertue, and wealth.

Eug. Nay uncle then I plead
This goes with my choiſe, *Some more wiſe then ſome,*
For onely vertues choiſe is trueſt wiſedome.

Mom. Take wealth, & vertue both amongſt you then,
They love ye Knights extreamely, and Sir *Cut.*
I give the chaſt *Hippolyta* to you,
Sir *Gyles* this Lady.

Pen. Nay ſtay there my Lord.
I have not yet prov'd all his Knightly parts
I heare he is an excellent Poet too.

Tal. That I forgot ſweet Lady ; good ſir *Gyles*
Have you no ſonnet of your penne abont ye ?

Gooſ. Yes, that I have I hope my Lord my Coſen.

Fur. Why, this is paſſing fit.

Gooſ. I'de be loth to goe without paper about me againſt my Miſtris, hold my worke againe, a man knows not what neede he ſhall have perhaps.

Mom. Well remembred a mine honour ſir *Gyles.*

Gooſ. Pray read my Lord, I made this ſonnet of my Miſtris.

Rud. Nay reade thy ſelfe man.

Gooſ. No intruth ſir *Cut.* I cannot reade mine owne hand.

Mom. Well I will reade it.

Three things there be which thou ſhouldſt only crave
Thou Pomroy, or thou apple of mine eye ;
Three things there be, which thou ſhouldſt long to have
And for which three, each modeſt dame wood crie ;
Three things there be, that ſhood thine anger ſwage,
An Engliſh maſtife, and a fine French page.

Rud. Sblood Aſſe theres but two things, thou ſhamſt thy ſelfe.

Gooſ.

Gooſ. Why ſir *Cut.* thats *Poetica licentia*, the verſe wood have bin too long, and I had put in the third, Slight you are no Poet I perceive.

Pene. Tis excellent ſervant.

Mom. Keepe it Lady then,
And take the onely Knight of mortall men.

Gooſ. Thanke you good my Lord as much as tho you had given me twenty ſhillings in truth, now I may take the married mens parts at football.

Mom. All comforts crowne you all; and you Captaine
For merry forme ſake let the willowe crowne;
A wreath of willow bring us hither ſtraite.

Fur. Not for a world ſhood that have bin forgot
Captaine it is the faſhion, take this Crowne.

Foul. With all my hart my Lord, and thanke you too,
I will thanke any man that gives me crownes.

Mom. Now will we conſecrate our ready ſupper
To honourd *Hymen* as his nuptiall rite,
In forme whereof firſt dance, faire Lords, and Ladies,
And after ſing, ſo we will ſing, and dance,
And to the skies our vertuous joyes advance.

The Meaſure.

Now to the ſong, and doe this garland grace.

Canto.

Willowe, willowe, willowe.
our Captaine goes downe:
Willowe, willowe, willowe,
his vallor doth crowne.
The reſt with Roſemary we grace,
O Hymen let thy light.
With richeſt rayes guild every face,
and feaſt harts with delight.
Willowe, willowe, willowe,
we chaunt to the skies:
And with blacke, and yellowe,
give courtſhip the prize.

FINIS.